

YOUNG JAMES
OR THE
SAGE AND THE ATHEIST.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

From the French of

M. de VOLTAIRE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

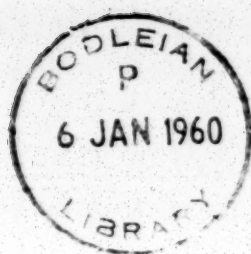
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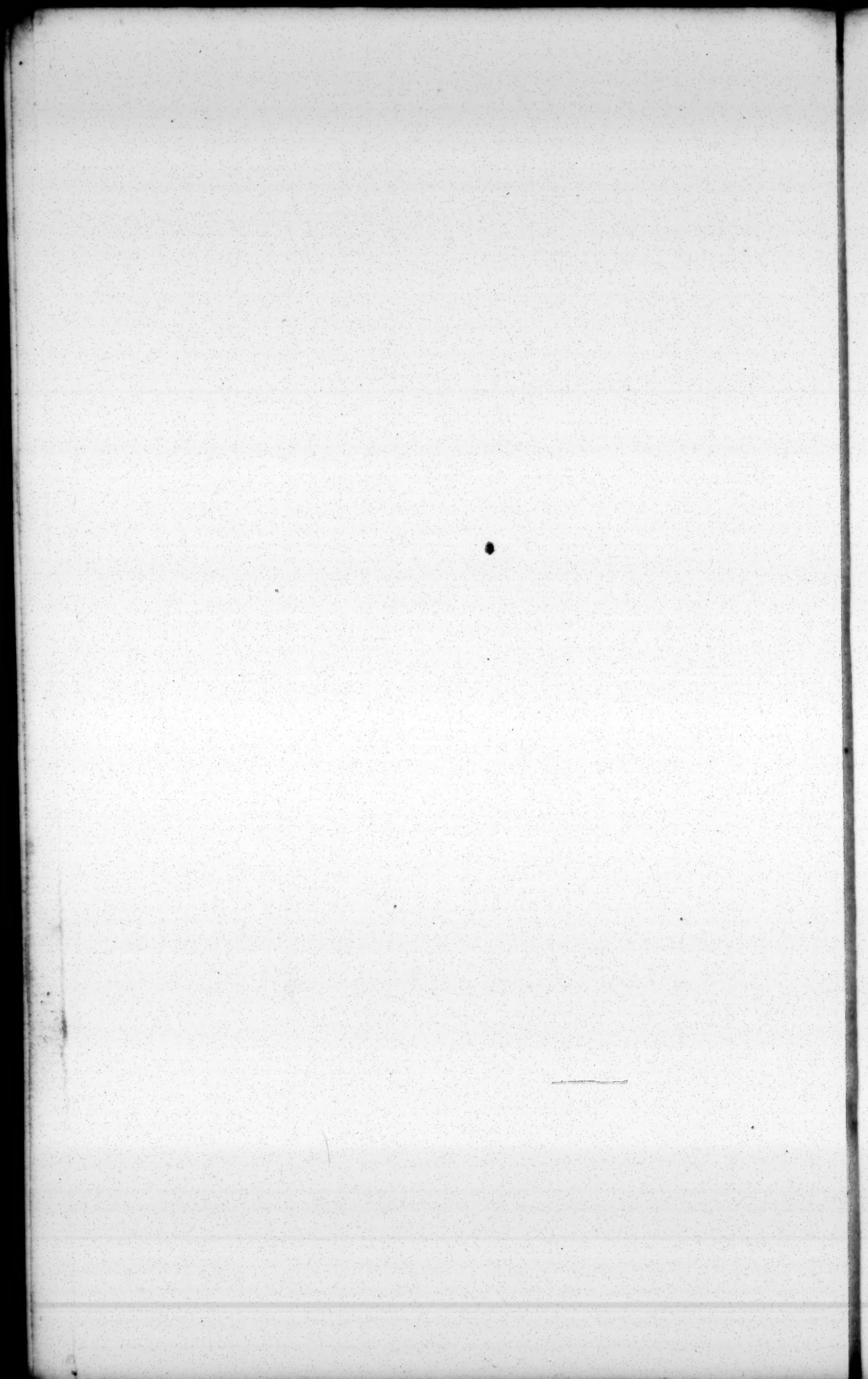
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OF THE TRANSLATOR.

THE following work is perhaps the last production of the celebrated *Voltaire*—His great age forbids us to hope for more, were his increasing infirmities out of the question—It is the parting memorial of a friend; which for that very reason will be the dearer to his admirers.

The adventures of the Hero and his friends, shew that Atheism is naturally productive of Vice, and that unhappiness is the inevitable consequence of a vicious life. The author still preserves his playful humour, but it is the playfulness of age, tempered by wisdom, and a regard to propriety. When the arguments for the existence of God and a providence have the sanction of our Author's name, and by his peculiar manner, are placed in the most striking point of view, they must be truly irresistible.

The translator hardly needs inform those who read the original, that it was impossible to preserve the author's title—"The History of *Jenny a young Englishman*" would have appeared absurd to the English reader. I cannot pretend to say how the author who had resided in England, should have forgot our proper names. As the name of *James* however, approaches nearest to the original the translator has adopted it.



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T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
Y O U N G J A M E S.

C H A P. I.

YOU desire me, my dear Sir, to give you some account of our respectable acquaintance *Friend*, and of his surprising son. The leisure which I at length enjoy since the retreat of Lord *Peterborough* enables me to satisfy you—You will be equally astonished with me, and be a partaker in all my sentiments.

The young and unhappy *James*, that only Son of *Friend*, whom his father carried with

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him

him into *Spain*, at the time when he was Chaplain to our army in 1705, you had seen but seldom. You set out for *Aleppo* before his Lordship laid siege to *Barcelona*; but you are not at all mistaken, when you tell me that *James* possessed the most amiable and engaging figure, which announced both courage and understanding. Nothing is more true: to see him and to love him were the same. His father had first destined him for the church; but the young man having shewn an utter dislike to that condition of life, which requires so much art, management, and finesse, the wisdom of the father would not permit him to be guilty both of a crime and folly in forcing nature.

James was not yet twenty. Nothing could hinder him from serving as a volunteer at the attack of *Mont-joui*, which we carried, and where the Prince of *Hesse* was killed. Our poor *James* was wounded, made prisoner, and carried into the town. Here follows the most faithful recital of what befel him from the attack of *Mont-joui* till the taking of *Barcelona*. The relation is written by a Catalonian damsel, somewhat too free and natural

tural in her descriptions; but such writings reach not the heart of the Sage. It was at her house I found it when I entered *Barcelona* in the suite of Lord *Peterborough*. You will read it without being scandalised, as a faithful portrait of the manners of the country.

AN ADVENTURE OF A YOUNG ENGLISH-
MAN, CALLED JAMES, WRITTEN BY THE
HAND OF DONA LAS NALGAS.

When we were told that the same savages who had been transported through the air from an unknown island, to rob us of *Gibraltar*, had come to lay siege to our beautiful city of *Barcelona*, we began by a nine days devotion to the Holy Virgin of *Menreza*, which is without dispute the most efficacious method of defence.

This people, who came from such a distance to attack us, are called by a name which is difficult to pronounce, it is *English*. Our Reverend Father Inquisitor, *Don Jeronimo Bueno Caracucarador*, preached against these robbers. He thundered against them the greater excommunication in the

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church

church of our Lady of 'Elpino. He assured us that the *English* had tails like apes, paws like bears, and heads like perroquets; that, indeed, they spoke sometimes like human creatures, but they almost always hissed; that, worse still, they were notorious heretics; that the Holy Virgin, who is very favourable to other sinners, whether male or female, never pardoned heretics; and that, consequently, they would all of them be infallibly exterminated, particularly, if they presented themselves before *Mont-joui*. He had hardly finished his sermon when we learned that *Mont-joui* was carried by assault.

In the evening we were told that we had wounded a young *English* at that assault, and that he was in our hands. The town was illuminated, and *Vittoria! Vittoria!* was the universal cry.

Dona Boca Vermeja, who had the honour of being mistress to the Reverend Father Inquisitor, had the most eager desire of seeing how an *English* animal and a heretic was made. She was my intimate friend, and I had the same curiosity. But we were constrained

to wait till he was cured of his wound ; and he was soon well.

A little after we learned that he was going to bathe at my cousin-germain *Elvob's*, the bagnio-keeper, who is, as all the world knows, the best surgeon in town. The impatience of seeing this monster redoubled in my friend *Boca Vermeja*. We had no rest, no quiet, and we allowed none to my cousin the bagnio-keeper till he had concealed us in a small closet, behind a blind, through which we had a fair prospect of the bath. We entered on tip-toe, without speaking, without making the least noise, hardly venturing to breathe, precisely at the time the *English* was coming out of the water. His face was turned from us, he took off a little cap that covered his fair hair, which fell in large ringlets down the most enchanting back I ever beheld. His arms, his thighs, his legs appeared to me so plump, so finished, so elegant, that, in my opinion, they come near to those of the *Belvedere Apollo*, a copy of which is in the possession of my uncle the sculptor.

Dona Boca Vermeja was in an extacy of surprise and ravishment—I was in the same

condition—I could not help crying out, *O*
che hermoso muchacho! These words, which
 escaped me, made the young man turn round.
 Worse and worse; we beheld the face of
 an *Adonis* on the body of a young *Her-*
cules. Both *Dona Boca Vermeja* and my-
 self had almost fallen backwards—Her eyes
 kindled, and were covered with a light dew,
 through which one might perceive the spark-
 ling flame—I cannot tell what happened to
 mine.

When she was come to herself; “*Saint*
 “*Jago!*” said she to me, and *blessed Vir-*
 “*gin!* is it thus that heretics are made? O
 “how we have been deceived!”

We staid as long as we could—*Boca Ver-*
meja was soon distractedly in love with the
 heretical monster. I confess her superiority
 of beauty: I likewise confess that I felt my-
 self doubly jealous. I represented to her that
 if she betrayed the Reverend Father *Jeronimo*
Bueno Caracucarador for an *English*, she would
 certainly be damned. “Ah! my dear *Las*
 “*Nalgus*,” said she, “(for my name is *Las*
 “*Nalgus*) for this handsome young man I
 “would

“ would betray *Melchisedec* himself.” She kept to her word ; and if the whole must be told, I furnished secretly more than the *tenth* of the offerings.

One of the familiars of the Inquisition, who heard four masses a day to obtain of our Lady of *Manreze* the destruction of the *English*, was made acquainted with our acts of devotion. We were both flagellated by the Reverend Father *Don Caracucarador*. He made our dear *English* be seized by twenty-four Alguazils of the holy brotherhood ; five of whom were killed by *James*, but he was secured by the nineteen who remained. They left him to his repose in a cellar not over warm ; from whence they purposed to lead him in great ceremony the following Sunday, adorned with a large San-benito, and with a bonnet in form of a sugar-loaf, to be burned in honour of our Saviour, and of the Virgin *Mary* his mother. *Don Caracucarador* had prepared an excellent sermon on the occasion ; but he had no opportunity of preaching it, for on that very Sunday the town was taken at four o'clock in the morning.

Here ends the relation of *Dona Las Nalgas*. She was a woman who did not want a certain kind of wit, which the *Spaniards* call *Agudezza*.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Continuation of the Adventures of the young Englishman James, and those of his Father Doctor of Divinity, Member of Parliament, and Fellow of the Royal Society.

YOU are acquainted with the admirable behaviour of the Earl of *Peterborough*, when he found himself Master of *Barcelona*; how the pillage was prevented, with what intuitive sagacity he regulated every thing, and how he rescued the *Dutchess de Popoli* from the hands of some drunken *German* Soldiers, who threatened her both with robbery and violation. But can you figure to yourself the surprize, the grief, the annihilation, the rage, the tears, the transports of our friend the Doctor, when he heard that *James* was in the dungeon of the Inquisition, and that the faggots were prepared for his execution? You know, that, on great occasions, the coolest heads are the most animated. Behold this father, whose gravity and placid temper, you are well acquainted with, flying to the caverns of the Inquisition, swifter than a *New-market* Race-

Race-horse. Fifty soldiers, who followed him panting and out of breath, were always two hundred paces behind him. He arrives, he enters the dungeon:—What a moment! What tears! What joy! Twenty victims, destined for the same ceremony with *James*, are delivered: All these arm themselves, and joining our soldiers, in ten minutes the holy office is demolished, and the hams and wine of the Inquisitors furnish them with a breakfast on its ruins.

In the midst of all this tumult, while trumpets, drums, and the resounding of four hundred cannon, announced our victory to *Catalonia*, our friend had recovered his wonted characteristic, tranquility: He was as calm as the air in a fine day, after a storm. He was lifting up to God a heart as serene as his countenance, when a black spectre, rising from a cellar, dressed in a surplice, presented itself before him, and throwing itself at his feet, cried out for mercy. “Who art thou?” said our friend to him; “comest thou from the infernal regions?”—“Not far from it,” replied the other: “I am *Don Jeromino Bueno Caracucara-dor*, the Inquisitor; and I most humbly ask
“ your

“ your pardon for my intention of roasting your
 “ son in public; but I mistook him for a Jew.”

“ Well, and had he been a Jew,” replied
 our friend, with his usual composure, “ is it
 “ reasonable, Mr. *Caracucarador*, that peo-
 “ ple should be roasted, because they are de-
 “ scendants of a nation which formerly inha-
 “ bited a small stony district, bordering on
 “ the desert of *Syria*? What have you to do
 “ with a man’s having or not having a pre-
 “ puce; or is it any thing to you, whether
 “ he celebrates *Easter* on the full Moon, or
 “ the Sunday after? This man’s a Jew, I must
 “ therefore burn him, and enjoy his fortune!
 “ Is not this a miserable argument? They
 “ do not reason thus in our Royal Society.

“ Do you know, Mr. *Caracucarador*, that
 “ Jesus Christ was a Jew; that he was born,
 “ lived, and died a Jew; that, as a Jew, he
 “ celebrated the passover in the full moon?
 “ that all his Apostles were Jews: that after
 “ his death, they went into the Jewish Tem-
 “ ple, as is expressly written? that the fifteen
 “ first secret Bishops of *Jerusalem* were Jews?
 “ My son is not one: he is a Member of the
 “ Church

“ Church of *England*; why then entertain
 “ the absurd idea of burning him ?”

The Inquisitor, *Caracucarador*, terrified at the learning of Dr. *Friend*, and still prostrate at his feet, said, “ Alas! we know nothing
 “ of all this at the University of *Salamanca*.
 “ Once more I ask forgiveness: but the true
 “ reason was, your son had robbed me of
 “ my mistress, *Boca Vermeja*.” “ Nay, if he
 “ has taken your mistress from you, that is
 “ another thing; another person’s property is
 “ never to be taken. However, that is no *suf-*
 “ *ficient* reason (as *Leibnitz* saith) for burn-
 “ ing a young man. There should be a pro-
 “ portion between the crime and the punish-
 “ ment. You Christians, on the other side the
 “ *Britannic* Ocean, and towards the South, are
 “ more expeditious in broiling one of your bre-
 “ thren, whether it be the Lawyer *Anne*
 “ *Dubourg*, or *Michael Servetus*, or all those
 “ who were burned under *Philip II.* surnamed
 “ *the Discreet*, than we are in roasting a piece
 “ of beef in *London*. But let *Mademoiselle*
 “ *Boca Vermeja* be called, that I may know the
 “ truth.”

Boca

Boca Vermeja was brought in, weeping, and rendered more beautiful by her tears, as is customary. “Is it true, Madam, that you have a violent passion for *Don Caracucarador*, and that my son *James* carried you off by force”—“By force! No, Sir, it was assuredly with all my heart. I never saw any thing so lovely and amiable as your son, and I think you happy in being his father. It was I who made all the advances to him, and he is highly worthy of them; I will follow him to the end of the world, if the world has an end; I have always from my soul detested this vile Inquisitor, who has whipt both *Mademoiselle Las Nalgas*, and myself, most severely. If you would make me happy, I beseech you to cause this villainous Monk be hanged before my window, and let me vow to your son an eternal love: how happy should I be, if I could one day bring him a son who might resemble you!”

While *Boca Vermeja* was pronouncing these words, so full of nature and simplicity, Lord *Peterborough* sent to seize the Inquisitor, *Caracucarador*, and to have him hanged. You will not be surprized when I tell you, that

that Dr. *Friend* strongly opposed this. "Let
 " your just anger," said he, " give way to gene-
 " rosity ; no one should ever suffer death, ex-
 " cept when the thing becomes absolutely ne-
 " cessary for the public safety. The *Spaniards*
 " will say, that the *English* are barbarians,
 " who murder every Priest they meet with.
 " This may be of great prejudice to the interest
 " of the Archduke, for whom you have just
 " taken *Barcelona*. I am very well satisfied,
 " that my son has escaped, and that this rogue
 " of a Monk is no longer in a situation to ex-
 " ercise his inquisitorial functions." In short,
 the wise and charitable *Friend* said so much,
 that his Lordship contented himself with or-
 dering *Caracucarador* to be whipped in the
 same manner as that wretch had whipped
Mademoiselle Boca Vermeja, and *Mademoiselle*
Las Nalgas.

So much clemency touched the hearts of
 the *Catalonians*. Those who were delivered
 from the prisons of the Inquisition, concluded
 that our religion must certainly be preferable
 to theirs. They almost all of them requested to
 be admitted Members of the Church of *Eng-*
land ; even some Bachelors of the University
 I of

of *Salamanca*, demanded to be enlightened. The mist was soon dispelled from the eyes of most of them: But there was one, called *Don Inigo y Medroso, y Comodios, y Papalamiendo*, who remained a little restif.

Here follows an abstract of the friendly dispute between the Doctor, and the Bachelor, *Don Papalamiendo*, carried on in the presence of Lord *Peterborough*. This familiar conversation was called the Dialogue of BUTS. In reading it you will easily perceive the reason.

C H A P. III.

*Abstract of the Dialogue of BUTS, between
Dr. Friend, and Don Inigo y Medroso, y
Papalamiendo, Bachelor of Salamanca.*

THE BACHELOR.

BUT—Sir, in spite of all the fine things you have just told me, you must confess, that your *English* Church, which you consider as so respectable, did not exist before the time of *Don Luther*, and *Don Oecolompadius*: Your origin is but of yesterday, you are therefore not of the household.

FRIEND.

This is exactly as if one told me, that I am not descended from my grandfather, because a Collateral, living in *Italy*, had seized his will, and my titles: I have happily recovered these, and it is clear that I am the grandson of my grandfather. You and I are of the same family, only with this difference, that we *English* read the will of our grandfather in our native tongue, and you are forbid
to

to read it in yours. You are the slaves of a stranger, while our reason is our only guide.

THE BACHELOR.

BUT—if your reason lead you astray?—For in fine you do not believe in our University of *Salamanca*, which has decided the infallibility of the *Pope*, and his incontestable right over the past, the present, the future, and the *paulo post futurum*.

FRIEND.

Alas! the Apostles had as little faith in it as we. It is written that *Peter*, who denied his master *Jesus*, was severely taken to task by *Paul*. I do not examine here which of them was in the wrong, they were perhaps both so, as happens almost in every quarrel. But in short, there is not a single verse in the Acts of the Apostles where *Peter* is considered as the master either of his companions, or of the *paulo post futurum*.

The BACHELOR.

BUT—certainly *St. Peter* was Archbishop of *Rome*, for *Sanchez* informs us of that great man's arrival there in the time of *Nero*, and that he filled the *Archi-episcopal* throne during twenty years under that same *Nero*, who reigned but thirteen years; besides it is an article of faith, and it is *Don Grillandus* the prototype of the inquisition who affirms it (for we never read the holy bible;—) it is an article of faith, I say, that *St. Peter* in a certain year was at *Rome*, for he dates one of his letters from *Babylon*; for since *Babylon* is evidently the anagram of *Rome*, it is clear that the *Pope* is, by divine right, master of all the earth; for further, all the learned of *Salamanca* have demonstrated that *Simon Virtu de Dieu*, first forcerer and minister of state to the emperor *Nero*, sent his compliments by his dog to *St. Simon Bar-jonas* otherwise called *St. Peter*, as soon as he came to *Rome*; that *St. Peter* being no less complaisant, sent likewise his dog to pay his compliments to *Simon Virtu de Dieu*: that afterwards they played a game at resurrection, for they contended who should the soonest bring *Nero's* cousin-ger-

german to life ; that *Simon Virtu de Dieu* only half restored him ; and that by entirely recovering the cousin, *Simon Barjonas*, won the game ; that *Virtue de Dieu* wanted to have his revenge by flying through the air like St. *Dædalus* ; and that St. *Peter* brought him to the ground and broke both his legs.* It is for this reason that St. *Peter* obtained the crown of martyrdom with his head downwards. Thus it is demonstrated *à posteriori*, that our holy father the *Pope* ought to reign over all crowned heads, and that he is the master of the past, of the present, and of all the futures in the world.

FRIEND.

It is clear that all these things happened at the time that *Hercules* with a touch of his hand disjoined the mountains of *Calpe* and *Abila*, and passed the streights of *Gibraltar* in a tumbler. But it is not upon these stories, however authentic they may be, that we found our religion ; our foundation is the gospel.

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* The whole of this story is told by *Abdias*, *Marcellus* and *Egesippus*. A part of it is told by *Eusebius*.

The BACHELOR.

BUT—tell me Sir, on what parts of the gospel you build ? For I have read a part of that gospel in our theological papers. Is it upon the angel descending from the clouds to announce to *Mary* that she shall conceive by the *Holy Ghost* ? Is it upon the journey of the three kings and of a star ? Is it upon the massacre of all the infants of the country ? Upon the pains which the devil took to carry *God* into the desert, to the pinnacle of the temple, and to the top of a mountain from whence one could see all the kingdoms of the earth ? Upon the miracle of water changed into wine at a country wedding ? Upon the miracle of two thousand hogs whom the devil drowned in a lake by order of Jesus ? Upon—

FRIEND.

Sir, we respect these things, because they are in the gospel, and we never speak of them, because they are beyond the reach of feeble reason.

The

The BACHELOR.

BUT—it is said that you never give to the holy virgin the appellation of *Mother of God*.

FRIEND.

We revere her, and love her; but we believe that she is very little solicitous about the titles which are given her here below. She is never called mother of *God* in the gospel. There was a great dispute in the year four hundred and thirty-one, at a council of *Ephesus*, to determine whether *Mary* was *theotocos*; and *Jesus Christ* being at the same time *God* and the son of *Mary*, whether *Mary* was at the same time *Mother of God the Father*, and *God the Son*. These disputes of *Ephesus* do not concern us, and the royal society never meddles with them.

The BACHELOR.

BUT—Sir, you present me with a *theotocos*; what is *theoticos* if you please?

FRIEND.

It signifies *Mother of God*. What! you a bachelor of *Salamanca*, and ignorant of Greek?

The BACHELOR.

BUT—*Greek ! Greek !* What use can it be of to a *Spaniard* ? BUT—Sir, do you believe that *Jesus* has one nature, one person, and one will ; or two natures, two persons, and two wills ; or one will, one nature, and two persons ; or two wills, two persons, and one nature ; or — ?

FRIEND.

These are still the *Ephesian* matters ; all this is of no consequence to us.

The BACHELOR.

BUT—what then is of consequence to you ? Do you think that there are only three persons in one *God*, or that there are three *Gods* in one person ? Does the second person proceed from the first person, and the third from the other two, or *from* the second *intrinsecus*, or from the first alone ? Has the Son all the attributes of the Father, except the *paternity* ? From whence comes that *third* person ; from infusion, identification, or spiration ?

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

This question is not canvassed in the Gospel ; neither does St. *Paul* ever mention the word Trinity.

The BACHELOR.

BUT—you always talk to me of the Gospel, and never of St. *Bonaventure*, nor of *Albert* the Great, nor of *Tambourini*, nor of *Grillandus*, nor of *Escobar*.

FRIEND.

Because I am neither *Dominican*, *Cordelier*, nor *Jesuit* ; I am contented with being a *Christian*.

The BACHELOR.

BUT—if you be a *Christian*, tell me, upon your conscience, if you believe that the rest of mankind will be damned eternally ?

FRIEND.

It is not for me to set bounds either to the justice or mercy of *God*.

The BACHELOR.

BUT—in fine, if you be a *Christian*, what is your belief ?

FRIEND.

I believe with *Jesus Christ*, that we ought to love *God* and *our* neighbour, pardon injuries, and make reparation for wrongs. Believe me ; adore *God*, be just and beneficent, man has no other part to act. These are the maxims of *Jesus*. They are so true, that no legislator, no philosopher, ever had any other principles before him, and it is impossible there should be any other. These truths have never had, and can never have, any other adversaries but our passions.

The BACHELOR.

BUT—ha ! ha ! *apropos*, with regard to passions ; is it true that your Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, are all married ?

FRIEND.

Very true. *St. Joseph*, who was the reputed father of *Jesus*, was married. *James* the Less, surnamed *Obli*a, was his son, and
brother

brother of our Lord, who, after the death of *Jesus*, passed his life in the Temple. *St. Paul*, the great *St. Paul*, was married.

The BACHELOR.

BUT—*Grillandus* and *Molina* say the contrary.

FRIEND.

Molina and *Grillandus* may say what they please, I had rather believe *St. Paul* himself; for he says, in his first Epistle to the *Corinthians*, “Have we not power to eat and to
“drink? Have we not power to lead about
“a sister, a wife, as well as other Apostles,
“and as the brethren of the Lord and *Cephas*?
“Who goeth a warfare at any time on his
“own charges? Who planteth a vineyard,
“and eateth not of the fruit thereof? &c.”

The BACHELOR.

BUT—Sir, is it really true that *St. Paul* has said all this?

FRIEND.

Yes, he has said all this, and he has said many other guise things too.

The

The BACHELOR.

BUT—What? that example of *saving* Grace!

FRIEND.

It is true, Sir, that his conversion was a great prodigy. We learn from the Acts of the Apostles the greatness of his persecuting zeal. The Acts tell us, that he assisted in stoning St. *Stephen*: he himself informs us, that, when the *Jews* put to death a follower of *Jesus*, it was he who pronounced sentence, “I gave my voice against them.” I confess that *Abdias*, his disciple, and *Julius*, the *African*, his translator, accuse him likewise of putting to death *James*, the brother of our Lord*; but this rage makes his conversion still more wonderful, and did not prevent his getting a wife. He was married I tell you, as St. *Clemens Alexandrinus* expressly asserts.

The BACHELOR.

BUT—St. *Paul* was then a worthy, an excellent man! I am sorry that he murdered

* Apostolical History of *Abdias*. The translation of *Julius Africanus*, Lib. 6th. p. 595, and the following.

St. *James* and St. *Stephen*, and am very much surprised that he took a journey to the third heaven. But—go on, I beseech you.

FRIEND.

St. *Peter*, as we are told by St. *Clemens Alexandrinus*, had children, and a certain St. *Petronilla* is reckoned amongst them. *Eusebius*, in his History of the Church, says, that St. *Nicholas*, one of the first disciples, had a very handsome wife, and that the disciples reproached him with uxoriousness, and with appearing jealous. Gentlemen, said he, let any one take her that pleases; I give her up to you*.

In the *Jewish* œconomy, which was to last for ever, and to which, notwithstanding, succeeded the *Christian* œconomy, priests were not only permitted to marry, but expressly commanded so to do, that the tribe of *Levi* might not fail; celibacy was reckoned even a kind of infamy.

Certainly the first *Christians* did not consider celibacy as a state either very pure or

* *Euseb.* lib. iii. c. 30.

honourable, since we find amongst the anathematized heretics in the first councils chiefly those who contended for the celibacy of priests, as *Saturnians*, *Basilidians*, *Montanists*, *Eucarists*, with many other *ans* and *ists*. This was the reason that the wife of one St. *Gregory Nazianzen* was brought to bed of another St. *Gregory of Nazianzen*, and that she had the inestimable happiness of being wife and mother to a saint; which is even more than fell to the share of St. *Monica*, the mother of St. *Austin*.

It is for this reason that I could name to you as many, or more, ancient Bishops who were married, than you formerly had Bishops and Popes who were *Keepers*, *Adulterers*, or *S——s*, a thing which is to be found in no country at this day. It is for this reason that the *Greek Church*, the mother of the *Latin*, has married priests. And it is for this reason that I, who speak to you, am married, and have the finest child in the world.

And tell me, my dear Bachelor, have you not in your Church seven Sacraments fairly told, which are all the visible signs of an in-
 4 visible

visible thing? A bachelor of Salamanca then enjoys the pleasure of baptism as soon as he is born; of confirmation, as soon as he is breeched; of confession, as soon as he has been guilty of some tricks of youth, or has heard those of others; of communion, though a little different from ours, at the age of thirteen or fourteen; of orders, when he is shaved on the top of the head, and when he gets a benefice of 20, 30, or 40,000 piastres a year; in fine, he enjoys the pleasure of extreme unction when he is sick—Must he then be deprived of the sacrament of marriage when he is in good health? Especially when God himself married *Adam* and *Eve*; *Adam*, the first of male bachelors, since, according to your school, he possessed Science by infusion; and *Eve*, the first of female bachelors, as she tasted of the tree of knowledge before her husband.

The BACHELOR.

BUT—if these things are so, I will no longer say BUT. The die is cast; I am of your religion; I am now a member of the church of *England*; I will marry an honest woman, who
will

will always pretend to love me while I am young ; who will be careful of me in my old age, and whom I shall bury decently if I survive *her*. This is much better than to roast men, and deflower virgins like my cousin *Don Caracucarador* the Inquisitor.

This is a faithful abstract of the conversation between Dr. *Friend* and the Bachelor *Don Papalamiendo*, since called *Papa Dexando*. It was drawn up by *Jacob Hulf*, one of Lord *Peterborough's* Secretaries.

After this conversation the bachelor took me aside, and said to me, this *Englishman* that I at first took for a cannibal, must be a very good man ; for he is a theologian, and yet has not called me names. I informed him that Dr. *Friend* was of a tolerating spirit, and that he was descended from a daughter of *William Penn*, the chief of toleration, and the founder of *Philadelphia*. Toleration and *Philadelphia* ! cried he, I never heard of these Sects. I gave him the necessary information. He could not believe me, he thought himself in another world, and he was not deceived.

C H A P. IV.

Return to London: James not so good as he should be.

WHILE our worthy philosopher *Friend* enlightened the minds of the men of *Barcelona*, and his son *James* enchanted the women, Lord *Peterborough* lost the good opinion of Queen *Anne*, and of the *Archduke*, because he had made them masters of *Barcelona*. The courtiers reproached him with having taken the town, against all the rules of war, with an army less numerous by one half than the garrison. The *Archduke* was exceedingly displeased, and *Friend* was obliged to publish an apology for the General. Mean while, this *Archduke*, who had come over to conquer *Spain*, had not wherewithal to pay for a dish of chocolate. All the money Queen *Ann* had given him was spent and gone. *Montecuculli* says, in his memoirs, that three things are necessary for carrying on war, 1st. money, 2d. money, 3d. money. The *Archduke* wrote a long letter, signed

To el rey, from *Guadalaxara*, where he was 11th. *August*, 1706, to Lord *Peterborough*, intreating him to set out immediately for *Genoa*, in order to borrow 100,000 pounds sterling, to enable him to reign*. Behold then our *Sertorius* converted from the general of an army into a *Genoese* banker. He entrusted his embarrassment to his intimate, *Friend*; both went to *Genoa*, I following them, for you know I am governed by the feelings of my heart. I admired the address, and conciliatory spirit of my friend in this delicate affair. I observed that a sound judgment was equal to every thing. Our great *Locke* was a physician; he was also the only metaphysician in *Europe*; and he re-established the coinage of *England*.

Friend in three days procured 100,000l. sterling, which the Court of *Charles VI.* spent in less than three weeks. After which the general, accompanied by his chaplain, was obliged to return home, in order to justify himself to the British parliament for

* It is printed in the *Apology for Lord Peterborough*, by Dr. *Friend*, p. 143, printed for *Jonas Bower*.

having

having conquered *Catalonia* against the rules of war, and for having ruined himself in the common cause. The disputes were long and violent, as happens in all party matters.

You know that *Friend* had been a member of parliament before he was a clergyman, and that he is the only person who has been permitted to exercise those incompatible functions. One day therefore while he was studying a speech he was to pronounce in the house, of which he was a worthy member, a *Spanish* lady was announced, who begged to speak with him on pressing business. This was *Dona Boca Vermeja* herself—She was in tears. Our good friend called for breakfast; she dried up her eyes, breakfasted, and thus addressed him :

You will remember, my dear Sir, that when you set out for *Genoa*, you commanded your son *James* to depart from *Barcelona* for *London*, in order to take possession of his employment of clerk in the exchequer, which by your interest you had procured for him. He embarked on board the *Triton*, with the young batchelor *Don papa Dexando*,

D

and

and some others whom you had converted. You may suppose that I was of the party, with my good friend *Las Nalgas*. You know that you had permitted me to love your son, and that I adore him—

I permit you, madam! I by no means agreed to the connexion, I indeed tolerated it; which is very different. A good father ought neither to be the tyrant of his son, nor his *Mercury*. Fornication between two free persons was perhaps formerly a kind of natural right; that right *James* may enjoy discreetly without my interfering. I lay him under no more restraint in his amours than in his dinner or supper; were adultery in the case, I confess I should be more severe, because adultery is a theft; but as for you young lady, who injure no person, I have no reproaches to make you.

But, Sir, the question at present is concerning adultery. The handsome *James* has abandoned me for a young married woman, whose beauty is inferior to mine; and is not this a most atrocious injury? He is in the wrong, replied the doctor. *Boca Vermeja*,
shedding

shedding tears, told him how *James* had been jealous, or pretended to be jealous of the bachelor—how Mrs. *Cleave-Heart*, the married lady, very impudent, very passionate, very masculine, and very wicked, had taken possession of his heart—how he lived with libertines that had no fear of God—how, in short, he despised his faithful *Boca Vermeja* for the jade *Cleave-heart*, because the red and white of *Cleave-Heart* was brighter by a shade or two than that of his poor *Boca Vermeja*.

I shall examine into this matter more at leisure, said the good *Friend*. I must now go to the house on the business of Lord *Peterborough*.

He went to the House—I heard his speech, which was firm and nervous, free of common-place, without epithets, without what we call phrases: he did not *invoke* the laws to come to his assistance, he called them to witness the justness of his cause, he cited them, he claimed their protection; he did not say that the *religion* of the court *had been surprised* by those who accused Lord *Peterborough*

borough of having risked her majesty's troops, because it was not a matter of religion; he did not lavish upon a conjecture the name of demonstration; he did not fail in respect to the august assembly by low vulgar pleasantries; he did not call my Lord *Peterborough* his client, because the word client signifies a man of low rank protected by a senator. *Friend* spoke with modesty and firmness—the House listened in silence—he was only interrupted by the cries of *hear him, hear him*. The Commons, instead of condemning Lord *Peterborough*, voted him the thanks of the House. He obtained the like justice in the House of Peers; and prepared for his return with his dear *Friend*, in order to conquer the kingdom of *Spain* for the Archduke; which however did not happen, for the same reason that nothing happens in this world precisely to our wishes.

Upon coming from the House, our first business was to make enquiries concerning the conduct of *James*. We had the mortification to find that he led a dissolute and abandoned life with Mrs. *Cleave-Heart*, and a party of young atheists, who in other respects

spects were men of parts, but whose debaucheries had persuaded them “ That man
 “ has nothing superior to the beast ; that he
 “ lives and perishes like the brute ; that
 “ they are both formed of the dust of the
 “ earth, and both of them equally return to
 “ dust again ; that the only true goodness
 “ and wisdom is to rejoice in our works,
 “ and to live with the girl we love, according
 “ to the conclusion of *Solomon* in the end
 “ of the 3d ch. of *Cobeleth*, which we call
 “ *Ecclesiastes*.”

They had got these ideas chiefly from a certain *W-rb-rt-n*, a very impudent, good for nothing fellow. I have dipped into the manuscripts of this madman. God forbid we should ever see them printed. *W-rb-rt-n* pretends that *Moses* did not believe in the immortality of the soul ; and as *Moses*, to say the truth, never mentions it, he concludes, that his silence is the sole proof of his divine mission. This unhappy conclusion leads to that of the falsity of the *Jewish* sect ; freethinkers draw this inference, that ours being founded on the *Jewish*, is false likewise ; and that ours, which is the best of all, being false, all the rest

rest must be still more so; and that therefore there is no religion. From these premises, some persons conclude boldly that there is no God. When you add to these conclusions, that this *W-rb-rt-n* is a busy body and a slanderer——behold what danger there is:

Another madman, called *Needham*, who is secretly a *Jesuit*, goes much farther. This creature, as you know already, and have been so often told, pretends that he has created eels with flour of rye and mutton gravy; that immediately these eels produced others without copulation. From this, our philosophers decide, that men may be formed with wheat flour and partridge gravy, because man should have a more noble origin than eels: they pretend too that these men would instantly produce others: that therefore it is not God who makes man, but that all things are self-created—that one may very easily dispense with God—that there is *no* God. Judge what ravages the *Cobeleth* ill understood, and *W-rb-rt-n* and *Needham* but too well understood, are capable of making in young hearts glowing with passions

ons of every kind, and whose reasonings are directed by these alone.

But what was still worse, *James* was in debt over head and ears, and paid his creditors in a very strange way. One of them had come to dun him for 100 guineas that very day, while we were at the House of Commons: *James*, who till this time had appeared the sweetest-tempered and most polite of men, drew upon him, and by way of payment gave him a dangerous wound. The life of the man was despaired of—*James* was ordered to jail, and he run the risk of being hanged, in spite of the interposition of Lord *Peterborough*.

C H A P. V.

Intentions of marrying JAMES.

YOU recollect my dear friend the grief and indignation of the venerable Doctor, when he found that his dear *James* was confined at *Barcelona*, in the prison of the holy office. Be assured he was seized with a transport still more violent when he was made acquainted with the behaviour of his unhappy son, his debaucheries his dissipation, his manner of discharging his debts, and his danger of being hanged. But *Friend* kept his passions within bounds. It is wonderful to see the self-command which this excellent man is possessed of. His reason governs his heart as a good master governs a good servant. He does every thing as it should be done, and his prudent determinations are executed with as much celerity as the resolutions of the imprudent. This is not the time, said he to me, to lecture *James*, he must be snatched from the precipice.

You

You must know that our friend had received a large sum of money the preceding evening, which had been left him by his uncle *George Hubert*. He goes himself to fetch our great Surgeon *Chefelden*. We luckily find him, and accompany him to the house of the wounded creditor. Mr. *Friend* makes the wound be examined; it was not mortal. He gives the patient one hundred guineas by way of a first dressing, and fifty more as a reparation of the injury; he makes submissions in the name of his son, and he expresses his grief with so much truth and tenderness, that the poor man who was in bed, embraces him with tears, and wants to return the money. This spectacle astonished and softened the young *Chefelden*, who begins to have a high reputation, and whose heart is as good as his discernment is just, and his hand skilful. I was moved. I was in raptures; never had I to such a degree revered and loved our *Friend*.

I asked him as we returned home, whether he would not send for his son, and represent to him his faults? No, said he, I wish him to feel them, before he hear of them from me.

Let

Let us sup together this evening, we shall see what honour and probity oblige me to do. Example is much better than reproaches.

As it was not yet supper time I went to see *James*; I found him, as I fancy every man is after the commission of his first crime, pale, with a haggard look, a hoarse and broken voice, his mind agitated, and not knowing what he answered to the questions that were put to him. I at last informed him what his father had done. He remained motionless, looked stedfastly at me, then turned aside for a moment and shed tears. This was a good omen; I conceived great hopes that *James* might one day prove a man of worth. I was going to throw myself upon his neck, when Mrs. *Cleave-Heart* entered with one *Burton* a young debauchee of his acquaintance.

Well, said the lady laughing, is it true that you have killed a man to-day? He was probably some tiresome fellow; it is right to rid the world of such sort of people. When you have a mind to kill another, I beg you
will

will give the preference to my husband, for I am tired to death of him.

I examined this woman from head to foot : she was handsome ; but appeared to me to have something dark and deceitful in her countenance. *James* durst not reply, and turned down his eyes because I was there. What is the matter with you my friend ? said *Burton*—One would imagine that you had committed some crime, I have absolved you. Here, behold a little book I have this moment bought of *Lintot* ; it proves as clear as two and two make four, that there is neither God, nor vice, nor virtue—How comfortable this is ! Let us then drink together.

At this extraordinary discourse I retired as fast as possible. I insinuated with discretion to the Doctor what need his son had both of his presence and counsel. I know it but too well, said the good father ; but let us begin by discharging his debts. By next morning they were all paid. *James* came to throw himself at his feet. Would you believe it ! he received not a single reproach. His father

ther left him to his conscience, and only said
 “ Remember my son that there is no happiness without virtue.”

He afterwards married *Boca Vermeja* to the bachelor of *Catalonia*, for whom she had a secret inclination, notwithstanding the tears she shed for *James*; for women adjust these matters wonderfully well. It is said that in the female breast is held the congress of contradictions. This no doubt happens because woman was originally formed out of one of our ribs.

The generous *Friend* gave a fortune to the married couple; and provided for all his new converts through the interest of Lord *Peterborough*; for it is not enough to secure the salvation of people, you must likewise provide for their subsistence.

Having performed these good actions with that active coolness which always astonished me, he came to the resolution that the sole method to reclaim his son, was to marry him to some young woman of good birth, who should have beauty, *virtue*, *good sense*, and
 even

even a moderate fortune, this he thought would prove the only method to detach *James* from the detestable *Cleave-Heart*, and his abandoned companions.

I had heard much talk of Miss *Primrose*, a young heiress, educated by her relation Lady *Hervey*. Lord *Peterborough* presented me to her Ladyship. I saw Miss *Primrose*, and thought her exactly the person to answer the ends of my friend. *James*, notwithstanding his dissipated life, preserved a tenderness and profound respect for his father. He was particularly affected with his not reproaching him for his past conduct. The payment of his debts without his knowledge, wife, and well-timed counsels without a mixture of anger, the marks of friendship which burst forth from time to time, without that familiarity which renders them cheap, all these things deeply penetrated *James*, endowed with sensibility and a good understanding. I had every reason to believe that the fury of his disorderly life would yield to the charms of *Primrose*, and to the astonishing virtues of his father.

Lord

Lord *Peterborough* himself introduced first the father, and afterwards the son to my Lady *Hervey*. I observed that *James's* figure instantly made a deep impression on the heart of *Primrose*; for I saw her cast down her eyes, raise them again and blush. *James* only appeared polite; and *Primrose* confessed to Lady *Hervey* that she could have wished that politeness had been love.

By degrees our handsome young man discovered the merit of this incomparable girl, though enslaved by the infamous *Cleave-Heart*. He was like the Indian who is invited by an Angel to pluck the celestial fruit, and kept back by the talons of a Dragon. Here my heart is ready to burst at the recollection of what I saw. My tears wet my paper. When I can recover myself, I shall go on with my story.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

A dreadful Adventure.

THE Marriage of *James* with the beautiful *Primrose* was agreed upon. The good *Friend* had never tasted a joy more pure; you may believe I was a partaker in it. It ended in a disaster which *I* can hardly comprehend.

Cleave-Heart loved *James* while she was guilty of continual infidelities to him. Such the fate, we are told, of every woman, who by entertaining a contempt for the restraints of decorum, has bid adieu to probity. She betrayed her dear *James* above all with her dear *Burton*, and with another rake of the same stamp. They lived together in constant debauchery. And what is wonderful, and a thing only to be seen in *England*, they were all of them brave and sensible. Unhappily, they never displayed more wit than against *God*. The house of Mrs. *Cleave-Heart* was the rendezvous of Atheists. Had they been honest Atheists, like *Epicurus* and *Leontium*,

tium, like *Lucretius* and *Memmius*, like *Spinosa*, who was said to be one of the best kind of men in *Holland*; like *Hobbes*, so faithful to his unfortunate monarch *Charles I.* then
 — But ! —

Whatever be in this ; *Cleave-Heart*, madly jealous of the tender and innocent *Primrose*, without being faithful to *James*, could not support the idea of this happy marriage. She meditates a revenge, unparaelled I believe in our City of *London*, where, however, our fathers have seen so many various crimes.

She found out that *Primrose* must pass her door as she returned from the City, where that young person had gone to make some purchases with her maid. She took that opportunity of setting people to work upon a pipe which conveyed the water under ground to the offices.

Miss *Primrose's* coach was obliged to stop in her return when it came to the rubbish. *Cleave-Heart* addresses her, begs her to alight, and to accept of some refreshment during the time her people were clearing the way.
 The

The beautiful *Primrose* trembled at the offer but JAMES was in the entry. An involuntary impulse stronger than reflexion made her get out. *James* ran to meet her, and gave her his hand. She enters. *Cleave-Heart's* husband was a foolish drunkard, as odious to his wife as he was submissive to her, and troublesome by his awkward politeness. He immediately presents with a stammering voice refreshments to the lady who had honoured his house, and drinks after her. Mrs. *Cleave-Heart* instantly carries them off, and presents others. Mean while the street was cleared; *Primrose* gets again into her coach and returns to her mother's.

A quarter of an hour was hardly elapsed when she complained of a sickness and numbness. It was thought that this disorder was only the effect of the motion of the coach. But the malady acquired strength every moment, and next morning she was at the point of death. Mr. *Friend* and myself hurried to the house; we found the charming creature pale, livid, and convulsed, her lips fallen in, her eyes sometimes as it were

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extin-

extinguished, and sometimes of an unnatural vivacity, but always fixed. Black spots disfigured her beautiful neck and face: Her mother was in fits by her bed-side. In vain did the skilful *Chefelden* employ every resource of his art. I will not paint to you the despair of *Friend*, it was inexpressible. I flew to the house of *Cleave-Heart*, and learnt that her husband was just dead, and that she had quitted the house. I sought for *James*, but could not find him. A maid servant informed me that her mistress had thrown herself at *James's* feet, and conjured him not to abandon her in her misfortune, that she went off with *James* and *Burton*, and that no one knew where they were gone.

Overwhelmed by so many quick and repeated misfortunes, my mind torn by suspicions, which I endeavoured to banish, but which still returned, I dragged myself along to the house of the dying person. I said to myself, if this abominable woman has thrown herself at the feet of *James*, if she has entreated him to compassionate her, he is not then her accomplice. *James* is incapable of
so

so base, so horrid a crime, for the commission of which he has neither interest nor motive, which would deprive him of the most amiable of women and of her fortune, and which would render him the detestation of mankind. He has permitted himself weakly to be enslaved by a wretch, whose worthless character he does not know. He beheld not, like me, the expiring *Primrose*, else he would never have quitted her. Racked with these thoughts, I entered trembling the house of her whom I dreaded I should find no longer alive: she still breathed. Old *Cleave-Heart* had sunk in a moment under the disease because his body was worn out with debauchery, but the young *Primrose* was supported by a strength of constitution equal to the purity of her soul. She perceived me, and with a voice of tenderness asked after *James*. It was then I confess that I could no longer restrain my tears. I could make no answer; I was unable to speak to the father. We were at last constrained to leave her in the hands of her faithful attendants.

We acquainted Lord *Peterborough* of the disaster. You know his heart: he is as ten-

der towards his friends as fierce towards his enemies. Never was there a man more compassionate with more austerity of aspect. He took as much pains to succour the dying *Primrose*, to discover the retreat of *James* and of the wretch who accompanied him, as ever he had done to put the Archduke in possession of *Spain*. All our enquiries were to no purpose. I thought *Friend* would have died. We flew sometimes to the house of *Primrose*, who lingered in agony ; sometimes to *Rochester*, to *Dover*, to *Portsmouth*, expresses were sent every where, we ourselves were every where ; we wandered without knowing whither we went, like hounds at fault ; mean while the unhappy mother of the unhappy *Primrose* beheld her daughter every moment at the point of death.

We at last learnt that a young woman tolerably handsome, accompanied by three young men and some servants, had embarked at *Newport* in *Pembrokeshire* on board a smuggling vessel, which was in the road, and that they had sailed for *North-America*.

Friend

Friend hearing this, sighed piteously, but all at once recollecting himself, and pressing my hand, said to me. "I must go to *America*." I answered, filled with admiration, and with tears in my eyes, "I will not leave you—but what can you do?" "Restore my only son," said he, "to his country and to virtue, or bury myself in the same grave with him." Indeed we could not doubt, from the description which was given us, of its being *James* who was embarked with that horrid woman, along with *Burton*, and his reprobates.

The good father, having taken his resolution, took leave of Lord *Peterborough*, who soon after returned to *Catalonia*, and we went to freight a vessel at *Bristol* for the river *Delaware* and the bay of *Maryland*. *Friend* judged that these regions being in the center of the English possessions, it was best to sail thither, whether his son had directed his course to the South or to the North. He provided himself with money, with bills of exchange and with provisions, leaving at *London* a faithful domestic, with orders to
send

send him intelligence by the ships which sailed every week for *Maryland* or *Pensylvania*.

We set sail ; the ship's company, beholding the serenity of *Friend's* countenance, believed that we were upon a voyage of pleasure. But when we were alone his sighs witnessed but too well his profound grief. I was sometimes secretly vain of the honour of pouring consolation into so worthy a breast. A west wind detained us long in the latitude of the *Scilly Islands*, and this obliged us to direct our course to *New-England*. What enquiries did we not make on the coast ! and how much time and pains were lost ; At last a north-west wind having sprung up, we directed our course to *Maryland*. It was there they described to us *James*, *Cleave-Hart* and their companions.

They had remained upon the coast for more than a month, and had astonished the whole colony by their debaucheries, and a magnificence hitherto unknown in that quarter of the globe ; they afterwards disappeared

appeared, without any person's knowing whither they had gone.

We advanced into the Bay, with the design of going as far as *Baltimore* for farther information.

C H A P. VII.

What happened in America.

WE perceived upon our right, as we went along, a habitation very well laid out. It was a low building, neat and convenient, with a spacious barn on one side, and a large stable on the other; the whole was furrounded by a garden, well stored with all the fruits of the country. This inclosure belonged to an old man who invited us to enter his retreat. He had not the appearance of an Englishman, and we judged from his accent that he was a foreigner. We went in, and the good man received us with cordiality, and gave us the best repast that can be furnished by the new world.

We insinuated to him with discretion our desire of knowing to whom we were obliged for so kind a reception. "I am," said he, "one of those whom you call savages; I was born on the blue mountains which bound this country, and which you see to the west. A large rattle-snake bit me in
" my

“ my infancy on one of these mountains.
 “ I was abandoned, and in a dying condi-
 “ tion, when the father of the present lord
 “ *Baltimore* met me, put me under the care
 “ of his physician, and to him I owe my
 “ life. I soon returned him the favour by
 “ saving his life in an engagement with a
 “ neighbouring tribe: he gave me in re-
 “ compence this habitation where I live
 “ happy.”

Mr. *Friend* asked him if he was of lord
Baltimore's religion? “ I of his religion?”
 said he, “ no, I am of my own; why
 “ should you wish me to be of the religion
 “ of another man?” This short and ex-
 pressive reply made us enter a little into our-
 selves. “ You have then,” said I, “ your
 “ own God, and your own law?” “ Yes,”
 said he, with a steadiness that had nothing
 haughty in it, “ my God is there,” point-
 ing to the heavens; “ and my law is here,”
 putting his hand upon his heart.

Friend was struck with admiration, and
 pressing my hand, “ pure nature,” said he,
 “ knows

“ knows more than all the bachelors who
 “ disputed with us at *Barcelona*.”

He was solicitous to learn, if possible, some certain news of his son *James*. This was a weight which oppressed him. He asked if he had not heard of a troop of young folks, which had made a noise in the neighbourhood? “ heard of them !” said the old man, “ I have seen them, they
 “ have been here ; and they were so much
 “ pleased with my reception, that they have
 “ taken one of my daughters along with
 “ them.”

Judge of the terror and agony of my friend at this discourse. He could not help exclaiming in his first emotion, “ What !”
 “ your daughter carried off by my son !”
 “ Good Englishman,” answered the old man,
 “ be not angry ; I am very glad that he
 “ who went from my house with my daughter,
 “ is your son, for he is handsome, well
 “ made, and appears brave. He did not
 “ carry off my dear *Paruba* ; for you must
 “ know that *Paruba* is her name, because
 “ *Paruba* is my name.—If he had forced
 “ my

“ my *Paruba* from me, that would have
 “ been a robbery, and my five male chil-
 “ dren, who are at present hunting in the
 “ neighbourhood about 40 or 50 miles off,
 “ would not have put up with the affront.
 “ It is a crime to seize another’s property.
 “ My daughter went of her own accord with
 “ these young folks ; she wanted to see the
 “ country ; this is a small satisfaction which
 “ ought not to be denied to young people
 “ of her age. These travellers will bring
 “ her back in less than a month ; I am sure
 “ of it, for they promised to do so.” I
 should have laughed at these words if the
 grief which preyed upon my friend had not
 penetrated my soul.

In the evening, as we were ready to de-
 part with a fair wind, one of *Paruba*’s sons
 arrives out of breath, pale, with horror and
 despair in his countenance. “ What is the
 “ matter with you, my son, whence come
 “ you, I thought you were upon a hunting
 “ party—What has happened to you, are
 “ you wounded by some wild beast ?” “ No,
 “ my father, I am not wounded, but I am
 “ dying.” “ But once more, whence come
 “ you,

“ you, my dear son.” “ Forty miles from
 “ this without stopping, but I am a dead
 “ man.”

The trembling father made him repose himself. Restoratives were given him; his little brothers and sisters, Mr. *Friend*, myself and our servants, all were busy about him. When he had recovered, he threw himself into the arms of the old-man *Paruba*, and said, sobbing, alas! my sister is taken prisoner, and will probably be devoured.

At these words the good man *Paruba* fell to the earth. Mr. *Friend*, who was himself a father, felt his soul moved. At last the young *Paruba* acquainted us that a body of young wrong headed Englishmen had attacked by way of amusement the people of the blue mountains. They had, he said, a very beautiful woman and her maid along with them, and he knew not how his sister happened to be in their company. The beautiful Englishwoman had been killed and devoured, and his sister was taken, and would be treated in the same manner. I come,
 added

added he, to get assistance against the people of the blue mountains; I will kill them, and eat them in my turn, retake my dear sister, or die.

It was now Mr. *Friend's* turn to grow pale; but his habit of self-command supported him. God gave me a son, said he to me, he will take back both the father and the son, when the moment ordained to execute his eternal decrees shall arrive. I should be tempted, my friend, to believe that God sometimes acts by a particular providence, governed by his general laws, since he punishes in *America* the crimes perpetrated in *Europe*, and that the wicked *Cleave-Heart* has suffered a death she merited. Perhaps the sovereign creator of so many worlds has so arranged matters that the great crimes perpetrated on any one of these globes, are sometimes expiated on that very globe. I dare not believe it, but I wish it, and would believe it, if the idea were not against all the rules of sound metaphysics.

After such mournful reflexions, on adventures so fatal, which are common in *America*,
Friend

Friend immediately took his resolution as usual. "I have a good vessel," said he to his host, "it is well stored, let us tide it up
 " the gulph as near as we can to the blue
 " mountains. The affair I have most at
 " heart at present is to save your daughter.
 " Let us go to your ancient countrymen ;
 " you will tell them that I come to bring
 " them the *calumet* of peace, and that I am
 " the grandson of *Penn* : that name will be
 " sufficient."

At the name of *Penn*, so revered in *North America*, the good *Paruba* and his son felt emotions of the most profound respect, and of the most lively hope. We embarked, set sail, and landed in 36 hours near *Baltimore*.

We were hardly within sight of that little place, then almost uninhabited, when we descried at a distance a numerous body of the inhabitants of the blue mountains marching down into the plain, armed with tomahawks, hatchets and those muskets which the Europeans have so wisely bartered with them for furs. We already heard the dreadful war-hoop. On the other side advanced four
 horsemen,

horsemen, followed by some men on foot. This little troop took us for the people of *Baltimore* come out to fight them. The horsemen rushed upon us full speed. We prepared to receive them ; when Mr. *Friend* looking attentively at the horsemen, trembled for a moment ; then all at once recovering his usual coolness, do not stir, my friends, said he to us, with a softened tone of voice, permit me alone to act. In effect he advanced alone, slowly and without arms towards the troop. In a moment we beheld the leader drop his bridle, and fall prostrate on the ground. We gave a shout of astonishment, we approached, it was *James* himself who bathed his father's feet with his tears, and embraced him with trembling arms. Neither of them could speak. *Burton* and the young horsemen who accompanied him, dismounted. But *Burton*, preserving his usual character, thus address the father, "Egad, my dear friend, I did not expect you here. You and I are formed for adventures—Egad I am glad to see you."

Friend, without deigning to reply, turned towards the army of the blue mountains which

which kept advancing. He went to meet that army with *Paruba* only, who acted as interpreter. Countrymen, said *Paruba*, behold the descendant of *Penn*, who brings you the *calumet* of peace.

At these words, the most ancient of the people replied, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, " A son of *Penn* ! let me kiss his
 " feet, and his hands, and his sacred mem-
 " bers of generation. May he beget a long
 " race of *Penns* ! Let the *Penns* live fore-
 " ver ! the great *Penn* is our *manitou*, our
 " God. He was almost the only European
 " who did not deceive us, who did not seize
 " our lands by force. He purchased the
 " country which we yielded up to him, and
 " paid for it nobly ; he preserved peace
 " amongst us, he furnished us with remedies
 " for the few maladies which our intercourse
 " with the Europeans brought upon us.
 " He taught us those arts we were unac-
 " quainted with. Never did we smoke a-
 " gainst him, or his children, the *calumet* of
 " war ; with the *Penns* we preserve the *ca-*
 " *lamet* of adoration alone."

Having

Having thus spoke in the name of his people, he advanced and kissed the feet and hands of Mr. *Friend*; but he forebore paying the same compliment to the secret parts, when he was told it was not the custom in *England*, and that every country has its particular ceremonies.

Friend immediatly ordered 40 hams to be brought ashore, as many large pies and fat pullets, and 200 bottles of wine, which were part of the ship's stores; and he placed the Chief of the blue mountains by his side. *James* and his companions partook of the refreshment; but the former wished himself 100 feet under ground. His father spoke not a word to him; and that silence added to his confusion.

Burton, to whom all things were equal, displayed an inconsiderate gaiety. *Friend* before the feast, said to the good *Paruba*, "a person in whom we are much interested is still wanting, I mean your daughter." The chief of the blue mountains instantly produced her; she had received no outrage; and

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she

she embraced her father and brother as if she had returned from a short walk.

Taking advantage of our convivial freedom, I asked why the warriors of the blue mountains had killed and eaten Mrs. *Cleave-Heart*, without hurting the daughter of *Paruba*? “ Because we are just,” replied the Chief. “ That barbarous Englishwoman “ belonged to the troop which attacked us, “ and she treacherously killed one of our “ men, by shooting him thro’ the back with a “ pistol. We did no harm to *Paruba*; as “ soon as we knew that she was daughter to “ one of our old companions, and that she “ had come here merely to amuse herself; “ we render to every one according to their “ works.”

Friend was affected at this maxim; but he gently remonstrated, that the custom of eating women was unworthy of the brave; and that with so much virtue they ought not to be cannibals.

The chief of the blue mountains asked us in what manner we disposed of our enemies
after

after we had killed them? “ We bury them,” I answered “ I understand you,” replied he, “ you give them for food to the “ worms. We chuse to have the preference “ ourselves, our stomachs are a more honourable sepulchre.”

Burton delighted to support the chief's opinion. He said, the custom of putting our neighbour in the kettle, or spitting him, was the most ancient and natural, since it was found to be practised in both hemispheres; that its being an innate idea was thereby demonstrated; that mankind had begun with their own species before they hunted wild beasts, for this plain reason, that it is easier to kill a man than a wolf. And as the Jews in their books, so long unknown, have told us how a certain *Cain* killed a certain *Abel*, the view of eating him must have been his only reason. That the Jews themselves plainly confess they had often fed on human flesh. That according to the best historians, the Jews devoured the bleeding limbs of the *Romans* who were murdered by them in *Egypt*, in *Cyprus*, and in *Asia*, in their revolts against the emperors *Trajan* and *Adrian*.

We allowed *Burton* to utter these ungracious pleasantries, which at bottom might unhappily be true, but they had nothing in them either of *Grecian* atticism or of *Roman* urbanity.

The good *Friend*, without replying to him, addressed himself to the people of the country. *Paruba* interpreted as he spoke. The grave *Tillotson* never spoke with such energy. Never did the insinuating *Smalridge* possess such grace, and such dominion over the human heart. The great secret is to demonstrate with eloquence. *Friend* demonstrated then, that the feasts in which they glutted themselves with human flesh, were the repasts of vultures, and not of men; that a custom so execrable inspires us with a ferocity destructive of our species, and that this reason prevented their knowing the comforts of society, and enjoying the culture of the earth.

They at last swore, by their great *manitox*, that they never again would eat either man or woman.

Friend,

Friend, in a single conversation, became their legislature; like *Orpheus* he tamed tygers. The Jesuits may attribute miracles to themselves in their “curious and edifying letters,” (which are seldom both one and t’other) they never can equal *Friend*.

After making presents to the lords of the blue mountains, he carried back the good man *Paruba* in his vessel towards his abode. The young *Paruba* and his sister were of the party; the other brothers had followed the chace towards *Carolina*. *James*, *Burton*, and their companions likewise embarked. The wife *Friend* still persisted in his resolution of not reproaching his son; he left him to *those thorns that in his bosom lodged to prick and sting him*. Thrice however he took the letter into his hands which he had received from *England*, and while he read it, looked at his son, who always cast down his eyes, and one might discover in his countenance both reverence and repentance.

As for *Burton*, he was as gay, and unconcerned as if he had been returning from a Comedy; his character very much resembled

bled that of the late Earl of *Rockester*, he observed no medium in his debauchery, his valour, his ideas, his conversation, or in his epicurean philosophy; he was attached to nothing but what was out of the common road, and his relish even of that was of short duration; he possessed that turn of mind which takes probabilities for demonstrations, and though he excelled in learning and eloquence any young man of his years, yet he had never given himself the trouble to search any thing to the bottom.

Mr. *Friend* chanced to say to me, while we were at dinner on board the vessel, "I really hope, my friend, that God will inspire these young men with better morals, and that the dreadful example of *Cleave-Heart* will reform them."

Burton, hearing these words, answered with a somewhat contemptuous tone of voice, "I had for a long time been much dissatisfied with that woman *Cleave-Heart*, and I am no more interested in her welfare than in a fat pullet when it is spitted, but do you really believe that there exists, I know

“ know not where, a being perpetually oc-
 “ cupied in the punishment of all the wick-
 “ ed men and women who people and de-
 “ pulate the four quarters of our little
 “ world? Do you forget that our execrable
 “ *Mary*, daughter of *Henry VIII.* was hap-
 “ py to her dying day? And yet she had
 “ consigned to the flames more than 800
 “ citizens male and female, for no other
 “ reason than because they did not believe
 “ either in transubstantiation or in the Pope.
 “ Her father, almost as barbarous as herself,
 “ and her husband, more deeply wicked,
 “ lived in a round of pleasure. Pope *Alex-*
 “ *ander VI.* more criminal than all of them,
 “ was likewise more fortunate; all his crimes
 “ turned out to his advantage, and he died
 “ at the age of 72, powerful, rich, and
 “ courted by all the kings of Europe.
 “ Where then is the just and avenging God?
 “ No, by G——d! there is no God.”

Mr. *Friend* replied with an air of calm
 austerity, “ Sir, you ought not, I should think,
 “ to swear by God himself that God does not
 “ exist. Remember that neither *Newton* nor

“ *Locke*

“ *Locke* ever pronounced that sacred name
 “ without recollection and adoration, which
 “ was remarked by every body.”

“ What a pox!” interrupted *Burton*, “ are
 “ the grimaces of two men to me? How did
 “ *Newton* look when he wrote his commentary
 “ on the Revelations? Or what air did *Locke*
 “ put on when he regaled us with the long
 “ conversation of Prince *Maurice’s* Parrot.”
 Here *Friend* pronounced these beautiful
 words which remain engraven upon my
 heart: “ Let us forget the dreams of great
 “ men, and remember the truths which they
 “ have taught us.”

This answer brought on a regular debate,
 more interesting than the conversation with
 the bachelor of *Salamanca*. I placed myself
 in a corner, and took notes of it. The
 company ranged themselves round the two
 speakers. The good man *Paruba*, his son,
 and above all his daughter the libertine
 companions of *James’* listened with outstretch-
 ed ears and the greatest attention; and young
James with his head inclined, his elbow lean-
 ing

ing upon his knees, and his hands covering his eyes, appeared immersed in the most profound meditation.

Here follows the dispute verbatim.

C H A P. VIII.

*Dialogue of FRIEND. and BURTON, on
Atheism.*

FRIEND.

I will not repeat to you, Sir, the metaphysical arguments of our celebrated *Clarke*. I only advise you to give them another reading; they are more calculated to enlighten your understanding, than to work upon your feelings; I shall only offer reasons, which perhaps may speak more home to your heart.

BURTON.

You will oblige me; I like to be amused and interested; I hate sophisms; metaphysical disputes are like foot-balls filled with wind, which are bandied backwards and forward by the players—The bladders burst, the air escapes, and nothing remains,

FRIEND.

There may perhaps be in the profundities of the respectable *Arian Clarke*, some ob-

obscurities, some bladders ; he may perhaps be mistaken concerning the reality of actual infinity, about space, &c. perhaps in making himself the commentator of God he has sometimes imitated the commentators of *Homer* who give to *Homer* ideas he never thought of.

At the words *infinite*, *space*, *Homer*, *commentators*, the good man *Paruba* and his daughter, and even some of the English, proposed a walk upon deck ; but *Friend* having promised to be intelligible, they remained : I explained in a whisper to *Paruba* a few scientific words, which people born upon the blue mountains could not so easily understand as the doctors of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*.

Friend proceeded thus — It would be mournful indeed, if to be certain of the existence of God it were necessary to be a profound metaphysician ; there would be at most in England about a hundred minds well skilled, or if you please, well entangled in that crabbed science, of *pro* and *con*, that could fathom the abyss ; all the rest of the world would live in invincible ignorance, a

play

prey to their brutal passions, governed by instinct alone, and reasoning tolerably only on the gross notions of their carnal interests. To know that there is a God I ask but one thing; that is, to open your eyes.

BURTON.

O! I see what you are about, you have recourse to the old beaten argument, that the sun turns round its axis in 25 days and a half, in spite of the absurd inquisition of Rome; that the reflected light from Saturn comes to us in 14 minutes, notwithstanding the absurd suppositions of Descartes; that every fixed star is a sun like ours, surrounded with planets; that these innumerable stars, placed in the immensity of space, obey the mathematical laws discovered and demonstrated by the great *Newton*; that a catechist announces God to children; and that *Newton* proves his existence to the wise, as a French philosopher tells us; but who suffered persecution in his strange country for having told us.

Do not give yourself the trouble of explaining to me the constant order which reigns throughout the universe; it is necessary

fary

fary that whatever exists should exist in some order: it is necessary that the lighter matter should rise above the heavier, that the stronger, in every sense of the word, should press upon the weaker, that a body pushed with a greater *momentum* should move with greater swiftness than its equal; every thing assumes this arrangement of itself. Should you, like *Esfaras*, after having drank a pint of wine, speak for 960 hours without shutting your mouth, it would be to no purpose, I should not believe you a bit the more. Would you have me to believe in a being eternal, infinite and unchangeable, who was pleased I do not know when, to form out of nothing things which change every moment, and who has created spiders for the embowelling of flies? Would you have me to say with that impertinent babbler *Nieuentyd*, "That God has given us ears that we might have faith because faith comes by hear-say?" No, no; I will not believe in quacks because they have fold their nostrums at a great price to fools; I content myself with the little book of a Frenchman, who says that nothing *does* exist or *can* exist but nature; that nature *does* every thing; that nature

nature *is* every thing ; that it is impossible, and contradictory that any thing should exist beyond the whole ; in one word, I believe in *nature* alone.

FRIEND.

And if I should tell you that there is no nature, that in us, around us, and at the distance of 100,000 millions of leagues, all is art without exception !—

BURTON.

How ? What !—all art ! here is something extraordinary indeed !

FRIEND.

Nobody almost attends to this, and yet there is nothing more true. I must still repeat it to you, make use but of your eyes, and you will acknowledge, you will adore a God. Consider how those immense spheres, which you see perform their astonishing rounds, observe the most strict geometrical laws ; there is therefore a great mathematician, whom *Plato* calls the ETERNAL GEOMETER. You admire those new-invented machines, called *Orre-*
ries,

ries, because Lord Orrery brought them into fashion by his liberality to the workman—it is a feeble copy of our planetary system and its revolutions. But the period of the change of the solstices and of the equinoxes, which every day presents us with a new polar star; that period, that progression, so imperceptibly slow, of about 26000 years, could not be executed by the hands of men in our orreries. That machine is very imperfect, it must be turned by a handle, and yet it is a master-piece of human Art. Judge then of the power and genius of the ETERNAL ARCHITECT; if it be lawful to apply terms so improper and so ill-suited to the Supreme being.

I gave *Parula* a slight idea of an Orrery. “If there be genius” said he “in the copy, “there certainly must be more genius in the “original. I should like to see an Orrery; “but the heavens are much more beautiful.” —All the company both *English* and *Americans*, hearing these words, were equally struck with their truth, and lifted their hands

hands to heaven. *Burton* remained pensive, and then cried out, "What, is all art? and
 " nature only the work of a supreme artist—
 " can it be possible?" The sage *Friend*
 went on thus :

" Cast your eyes next upon yourselves ;
 " and examine with what astonishing art, and
 " which is never sufficiently known, every
 " thing is constructed both within, and
 " without, for all your functions, and for all
 " your desires ; I pretend not to give you a
 " lecture on anatomy, you sufficiently know
 " that there is not one of the Viscera which
 " is not necessary, and which is not assisted
 " in its dangers, by the constant motion of
 " the neighbouring ones. In the body, mu-
 " tual assistance is so artfully prepared on
 " all sides, that there is not a single vein
 " which has not its valves and sluices to give
 " a passage to the blood. From the roots
 " of the hair to the end of the toes all is art,
 " all is preparation, means, and end. Is
 " it possible not to be moved with indigna-
 " tion against those who take upon them
 " to deny the truth of final causes, and who
 " are disengenuous or mad enough to say,
 " that

“ that the mouth is not formed for the purposes of speaking and eating, that the eyes are not admirably adapted to receive the objects of sight, that the ears are not made to hear, nor the parts of generation for the propagation of the species ; there is so much folly in this presumption that I can hardly comprehend it.

“ Let us confess that each animal loudly proclaims a supreme creator.

“ The meanest herb of the field is sufficient to confound all human intelligence : this is so true, that it is impossible for the united efforts of all mankind to produce the least bit of straw, if the seed be not already in the earth. Neither must we say that seeds corrupt in order to produce ; for such absurdities will no longer be listened to.”

The company felt the truth of these proofs more strongly than all the rest, because they were more obvious. *Burton* muttered between his teeth, “ must I submit to acknowledge a God ? We shall see ;—Egad it is a thing to be examined.” *James* still

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meditated profoundly, and was affected, and *Friend* thus went on.

“ No, my friends, we make nothing, we
 “ can make nothing ; we have powers to
 “ arrange, to unite, to disunite, to number,
 “ to weigh, to measure ; but to MAKE !
 “ what a word ! the necessary being, the
 “ eternally self-existing being alone can
 “ make. It is for this reason that the
 “ quacks who search after the philosopher’s
 “ stone are either fools or knaves. They
 “ boast that they can make gold, and they
 “ cannot make a bit of dirt.

“ Let us confess then, my friends, that
 “ there is a Being supreme, necessary and in-
 “ comprehensible who has created us.”

BURTON.

And where is this being ? If there be
 one, why does he hide himself ? Has any one
 ever seen him ? Should a being that does
 good hide himself ?

FRIEND.

Did you ever see Sir *Christopher Wren*, who
 built *St. Pauls Church* ? And yet it is evident
 that

that this building is the work of a most skillful Architect.

BURTON.

Every body conceives that *Wren* built at a great expence that vast edifice where we fall asleep at the Sermons of B — fs. We know very well both *how* and wherefore our ancestors raised that building. But *why* should a God create this universe out of nothing, and *how* did he perform it? You know the universal maxim of antiquity. " Nothing can create nothing, nothing re-
 " turns to nothing." This is a truth that was never disputed. Even your Bible says expressly that your God *created* the Heavens and the earth, although the heavens, that is to say the assemblage of stars, exceed the earth in comparison more than this earth does the smallest grain of sand; but your bible never said that God created the heavens and earth out of *nothing*: it does not even pretend that the Lord made the woman out of *nothing*. He formed her in a very odd manner, of a rib which he tore from the side of her husband. The chaos, according to the
 B 2 bible,

bible, existed before the earth. Matter is therefore as eternal as your God.

There arose upon this a small murmur in the company. They said, that *Burton* might be in the right ; but *Friend* replied,

FRIEND.

I have proved to you, I think that there exists a supreme intelligence, an eternal power to whom we owe our transient life ; I never promised to explain to you either the how or wherefore. God has given me reason sufficient to discover that he exists, but not enough to discover with precision whether matter has been eternally obedient to him, or whether he gave it existence. What does the eternity or the creation of matter signify to you, provided that you acknowledge the existence of a God, the master of matter and of yourself? you ask me where God is ; I know nothing of this, neither ought I to know it. I know that he *exists* ; I know that he is our master ; that he performs all things, and that we ought to expect every thing from his goodness.

BUR-

BURTON.

From his goodness! you are laughing at me.—You told me to make use of my eyes; I now retort your expression; make use of yours. Only cast a glance upon the world, and judge if your God can be good.

Mr. *Friend* knew very well that in this lay the difficulty of his argument; and that *Burton* was preparing a fierce attack. He perceived however that the audience, especially the *Americans*, had need of a little respite from hearing, and he himself from speaking. He recommended himself to God: the company took a walk upon deck; afterwards drank tea, and the dispute was renewed.

C H A P. IX.

The Debate continued.

BURTON.

EGAD, Sir, you will not get off so well upon the article of *goodness*, as you have done upon those of *power* and *wisdom*: I shall speak to you first of all of the enormous faults in this globe, which are precisely opposite to that wisdom so much boasted of; I shall afterwards place before your eyes the perpetual crimes and misfortunes of its inhabitants, and you may then judge of your pretended paternal affection of the master.

I begin by telling you that the people in *Gloucestershire* (my country) when they breed colts, place them in a luxuriant pasture, give them afterwards a good stable, and plenty of corn and hay. But tell me if you please, what food, and what defence against the weather had the poor *North-Americans* when we discovered them after so many ages? They were obliged to seek for a dinner thirty or forty miles off. All the northern coast of our ancient world languishes pretty

pretty nearly in the same necessitous situation ; and from Swedish *Lapland* to the northern sea of *Japan*, a hundred nations drag out a life as short as insupportable, in the most dreadful want, amidst eternal snows.

The finest climates are perpetually exposed to the most destructive calamities. We tread there on flaming gulphs, covered over with fertile lands, which are to us snares of death. There is certainly no other hell ; and this hell has a thousand times opened beneath our feet.

You talk to us of an universal deluge, which is physically impossible, and which all wise men laugh at. You however comfort us by saying that it lasted only ten months :—it should have extinguished those fires which have since destroyed so many flourishing cities. St. *Austin* informs us, that there were a hundred towns entirely consumed, and swallowed up in *Lybia* by a single earthquake ; the beauties of Italy have fallen a prey to these *Volcanos*. To complete our misfortunes, the miserable inhabitants
of

of the frigid *Zone* are not exempted from these subterraneous gulphs: the *Icelanders*, in perpetual fear, see famine before their eyes, see a hundred feet of ice and a hundred feet of flames to the right and left on their mount *Hecla*; for great *Volcanos* always occupy such frightful mountains.

In vain are we told that these mountains of 2000 toises high are nothing in comparison of the earth, whose diameter is 3000 leagues; that it is like the inequalities on the skin of an orange, compared to the whole of the fruit; that it is but as one foot to 3000. Alas! what are *we* then? Animals almost imperceptible, and yet we are destroyed, crushed by every thing which surrounds us, although our infinite littleness, approaching so near to nothing, should seem to protect us from every accident. After those innumerable multitude of towns destroyed, rebuilt and destroyed again, like ant-heaps, what shall we say of those oceans of sand which traverse the internal parts of *Africa*, and whose burning waves, heaped up by the winds, have swallowed up whole armies? of what use are those vast deserts bordering

on

on the charming country of *Syria*? deserts so frightful, so utterly uninhabitable, that those wild beasts, called *Jews*, believed themselves in the terrestrial paradise when they passed from that land of horror into the corner of a country, of which a few acres were capable of cultivation.

It is not enough that man, that noble creature, should have been so badly lodged, so badly clothed, so badly fed for such a number of ages; he is formed between the urine and the feces to breathe for a few days; and during these few days (made up of deceitful hopes and real woes) his body, formed with so much useless art, is a prey to all the ills which are the result of that very art. He is buffeted by the pestilence on one side, and by the pox on the other; the source of his being is poisoned. The memory of no one can suffice for the list of maladies which persecute us;—and the urine doctor of *Switzerland* pretends to cure them all!

While *Burton* was speaking, the company listened with attention and emotion; the host

nest *Paruba* said, " let us see how our doctor will bring himself off." Even *James* let the following words escape him in a low voice; " in truth, he is right, I was a great fool to allow myself to be affected by what my father said." Mr. *Friend* permitted the first fire which struck their imaginations to pass off, he then replied.

FRIEND.

A young divine would answer this torrent of melancholy truths by sophisms; he would cite *St. Cyril* and *St. Basil*, who have nothing to do here; as for me, gentlemen, I will fairly confess that there is much physical evil upon the earth; I do not diminish its existence, but Mr. *Burton* has greatly exaggerated it. I appeal to you, my dear *Paruba*; your climate is made for you; and it is not so very bad, since neither you, nor your countrymen have ever chosen to quit it. The *Esquimaux*, the *Icelanders*, the *Laplanders*, the *Ostiacks*, the *Samoïades*, could never be prevailed upon to leave theirs. The Rein-deer, which God has given to feed them, and to clothe them, and to convey them from place to place, die when they are trans-

transported to another climate. The *Laplanders* likewise perish in climates a little more to the south than their own; that of *Siberia* is too hot for them; they would be burned in this country.

It is clear that God has created every kind of animal and vegetable for the place in which they perpetuate their species. The negroes, that species of men so different from us, are so attached to the place of their birth, that thousands of them have killed themselves when they have been transported into other countries by our barbarous avarice. The *camel* and the *ostrich* live commodiously amidst the sands of *Africa*. The *bull* and his companion frisk in fertile lands, where the grass springs up continually for their food. *Cinnamon* and *cloves* grow only in the *Indies*. *Wheat* is good only in those few countries where God has caused it to grow. There are other kinds of food in your *America* from *California* to the straits of *Le Maire*. We cannot cultivate the *vine* with success in our fertile country of *England*, no more than in *Sweden* or in *Canada*. It is for this reason that those, who in certain countries have found-

founded the essence of their religious rites on bread and wine, consult only their own climate ; and they are much in the right to return thanks to God for the meat and drink which his bounty has bestowed upon them ; and you *Americans* will do well to thank him for your *maize*, your *manioc*, and your *cassava*. God, throughout the world, has proportioned the organs and faculties of animals, from man to the snail, to the places where he thought fit to produce them. Why then constantly arraign Providence, when our grateful acknowledgements are so often due.

Let us come to the calamities ;— Let us speak of inundations, of volcanos, and of earthquakes. If you pay attention to disasters alone, if you only collect a frightful assemblage of all the accidents which have happened to some of the wheels of this machine of the universe, God, no doubt, will be a tyrant in your eyes ; if you consider his numberless benefits, he is a father. You cite the declaimer *St. Austin*, who in his book on miracles speaks of a hundred cities swallowed up at once in *Lybia* ; but that *African* you must consider, who passed his
life

life in contradicting himself, was prodigal in his writings of the figure of exaggeration ; he treated earthquakes as he did *saving grace*, and the eternal damnation of all the young children that died without baptism. Has he not told us in his thirty seventh Sermon, that he had seen a race of men in *Ethiopia* who had a large eye in the middle of their forehead like the *Cyclops*, and nations without heads.

But we, who are not Fathers of the church, never ought to say more nor less than the truth ; and the truth is, that of 100,000 towns we can reckon up at most one destroyed every century, by the fire necessary to the formation of this globe.

Fire is so absolutely necessary to the whole universe, that without it there would neither be animals, vegetables, nor minerals upon the earth, neither sun, nor stars in the immensity of space. This fire, spread under the outward crust of the globe, obeys the general laws established by God himself ; it is impossible that some particular disasters should not result from it. But an artist cannot be called a bad workman, when an im-

ment

menſe machine made by him, laſts for ſo many ages without being out of order. Had a man invented an *hydraulic* machine which watered and fertilifed a whole province, would you reproach him becauſe the water which he gave you drowned a few infects.

I have proved to you that the machine of the world is the work of a being ſupremely wiſe and powerful; you who have underſtanding ought to admire him; you who are bleſſed by his goodneſs, ought to love him.

But the unhappy, you ſay, who are condemned to ſuffer all their lives, loaded with incurable diſeaſe, can they admire him, can they love him? I will tell you, my friends, that theſe cruel maladies are almoſt always brought on by ourſelves, or by our fathers from an abuſe of their conſtitutions; and are by no means the fault of the great creator. Diſeaſe was ſcarcely known in *North-America* except the decrepitude of old-age, before we brought you that water of *death*; which the French call *water-of-life*, and which entails a thouſand different illſ upon thoſe who drink of it to exceſs. The ſecret contagion

tagion of the *Caraïbs*, which you young men call the pox, was only a slight indisposition whose source we are ignorant of, and which was cured in two days either with *guaiacum*, or with turtle soup. The incontinency of the Europeans has dispersed this malady through the rest of the world, which has assumed amongst us so fatal an appearance, and become a scourge the most dreadful imaginable. We read that Pope *Julius II.* Pope *Leo. X.* an archbishop of *Mayence* called *Henneberg*, and *Francis I.* of *France*, all died of it.

The small-pox, which had its origin in *Arabia Felix*, was only a slight eruption, a transient ebullition without danger, a simple purification of the blood : it is become mortal in *England* as in other climates ; and our avarice has carried it into this new world, which it has depopulated.

Let us recollect that in *Milton's* poem, the booby *Adam* asks the angel *Gabriel* if he shall be long-lived. Yes, replies the angel, if you observe the grand rule, *a medium in all things*. Let every one of you, my
friends,

friends, observe that rule. Have you the confidence to require of God a life of many centuries without pain, as the reward of your gluttony, of your drunkenness, of your incontinency, of your slavery to those vicious passions which corrupt the blood, and necessarily shorten life?

This answer met with my approbation; *Paruba* liked it well enough; but *Burton* was not shaken; and *James's* eyes plainly informed me that he was still undetermined. *Burton* made the following answer.

BURTON.

Since you have employed common-place arguments, interspersed with a few new reflexions, allow me to make use of one argument of the same kind, to which fables and words without a meaning have been hitherto the only answer. If there exists a God, so good, so powerful, he never would have introduced evil upon the earth, he would never have devoted his creatures to sin and sorrow. If he could not prevent the evil, he is without power; if he could prevent it, and would not, he is cruel, he is barbarous.

We

We have only the annals of about 8000 years preserved by the Brachimans; the accounts of the Chinese go no farther back than about 5000 years; we know nothing but of yesterday; but in that yesterday every thing is horror. Mutual slaughter has reigned from one end of the earth to the other, and mankind have been weak enough to give the appellation of great-men, of heroes, of demi-Gods, and even of Gods, to those who have murdered the greatest number of their fellow-creatures.

There remained in *America* two great civilized nations who began to enjoy the sweets of peace; the Spaniards land upon their coast, and massacre 12,000,000 of them; they hunted *men* with dogs, and *Ferdinand* King of *Castille* assigned pensions to the dogs for their good services. The heroic conquerors of the new world, who massacred an unarmed, naked, and harmless people, had haunches of men and women, buttocks, arms, and calfs of the legs in ragouts served up at their tables: they roasted *Guatimozin* king of *Mexico*. They enter *Peru* with the zealous design of converting king *Atabalipa*: a

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priest

priest called *Almagro*, son of a priest condemned to be hanged in *Spain* for a high-way robbery, comes with a certain *Pizarro* to signify to his majesty by the mouth of another priest, that a third priest called *Alexander VI.* polluted by incests, assassinations and murders, had given of his own accord, *proprio motu*, and by the plenitude of his power, not only *Peru*, but the half of the new world to the king of *Spain*; and that *Atabalipa* should therefore immediately submit under the pain of incurring the displeasure of the apostles *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*. And as the king did not understand latin any more than the priest who read the Bull, he was immediately declared an unbeliever and a heretic. They burned *Atabalipa* as they had burned *Guatimozin*; they massacred his nation, and all this to rob them of a little hard, yellow earth, which has served for no other end but to depopulate and impoverish *Spain*; for it has made them neglect the true earth, which, when it is cultivated, subsists mankind.

Confess then, my dear *Mr. Friend*, had that chimerical and ridiculous Being who is
called

called the Devil been inclined to make men after his image, could he have made them otherwise? cease then to attribute to a God a work so abominable.

This declamation made the whole company return to *Burton's* opinion. I beheld *James* triumph in secret; there was not one amongst them, even to the young daughter of *Paruba*, who was not seized with horror and indignation against the priest *Almagro*, against the priest who had read the latin bull, and against the priest *Alexander VI.* against all the christians who had been guilty of so many inconceivable crimes out of devotion, and from a thirst of gold. I must confess I trembled for my friend, I despaired of his cause. Behold, however the manner, in which he replied, without being at all disconcerted.

FRIEND.

My friends, always keep in mind that there exists a supreme Being. I have proved this to you, you have acknowledged it; and after having been forced to confess it, you

now labour hard to discover in him imperfections, vices and malignity.

I am very far from telling you, like some pretended reasoners, that particular evils form the general good. That extravagance is too ridiculous. I confess with sorrow that there is a great deal both of moral and physical evil; but since the existence of God is certain, it is likewise very certain that all these evils cannot prevent his existence. He cannot be wicked; for what interest could he have in being so? It is true, my friends, there are dreadful evils; but let us not augment their number. A God *must be good*, the opposite proposition is an impossibility; but men are perverse, they make a detestable use of the liberty which that great being has given them, and ought to have given them; that is to say, of the *power of obeying their own will*, without which they would be only mere machines, formed by a wicked Being to be broken in pieces at his pleasure.

Every sensible Spaniard confesses that a small number of his ancestors made a bad use
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of that liberty, even to the perpetration of crimes which make human nature shudder. *Don Carlos II.* (whom I could wish the Archduke to succeed) repaired as much as possible the atrocious crimes to which the *Spaniards* had abandoned themselves under *Ferdinand* and *Charles V.*

My friends, if *vice* exists upon earth, so does *virtue*——

BURTON.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! Virtue ! a pleasant idea truly ; Egad, I should be glad to know how Virtue is made, and where it is to be found.

At these words I could not contain myself. I interrupted *Burton* in my turn. “ You will find it,” said I, “ with *Mr. Friend* ; “ with the good *Paruba* ; in your own heart, “ when you shall have cleansed it from the “ vices which now conceal it.” He blushed, as well as his companion *James* : the latter cast down his eyes, and seemed to feel remorse. His father eyed him with some compassion, and thus went on :

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

Yes, my dear friends, virtues have always existed as well as crimes. Athens it is true had an *Anitus*, but she likewise possessed a *Socrates*. Rome had her *Catos* as well as her *Syllas*. *Caligula* and *Nero* frightened the world by their crimes; but *Titus*, *Trajan*, *Antonius Pius*, and *Marcus Aurelius*, consoled them by their virtues. My friend *Sherlock* will tell *Paruba* in a few words who those people were of whom I speak. I luckily have my *Epietetus* in my pocket; that *Epietetus* was only a slave, but in his sentiments equalled *Marcus Aurelius* himself. Listen, and may all those who pretend to teach others pay attention to what *Epietetus* says to himself. “It is God who created me, he “is within me, and shall I venture to dishonour “him by base thoughts, by criminal actions, “or unworthy desires?” His life throughout was in perfect unison with his writings. *Marcus Aurelius*, the monarch of the then known world, did not think differently from the slave *Epietetus*—The latter was never dispirited by his humble situation, nor the
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former blindly elevated by his grandeur and when they wrote their thoughts, it was for themselves and their disciples, and not to catch the applause of periodical writers.

Do you not think that *Locke*, *Newton*, *Tillotson*, *Penn*, *Clarke*, the worthy person who is called *the Man of Ross*, and many others that I could name to you both in *Britain* and elsewhere; do you not think that they have been exemplary by their virtue?

You have spoken, Mr. *Burton*, of those wars, as cruel, as unjust, which have been the guilt and reproach of so many nations; you have painted the detestable cruelties of the *Spaniards* in *Mexico* and *Peru*; you may add to them the horrors of *St. Bartholomew's* day in *France*, and the massacre of *Ireland*. But are there not whole nations who have always shuddered at the effusion of blood? Have not the *Brackmans* constantly held forth this good example to the world? And without quitting this country, is not *Pensylvania* near us, where our primitive christians (who are in vain held up to ridicule by the name of quakers,) have always looked upon war with hor-

horror and detestation? Have we not *Carolina*, whose laws were dictated by the great *Locke*? In these provinces, the native country of virtue, all the citizens are equal, every conscience is free, all religions are good, provided that God be adored; all men there are brethren. You Mr. *Burton*, you yourself, have beheld the inhabitants of the blue mountains lay down their arms, at the very name of a descendant of *Penn*, when they might have exterminated you. *They* felt the existence of *virtue*, and *you* persist in denying it! If the earth produces poisons as well as salutary aliment, would you, for that reason, feed on poison,

BURTON.

Ah, Sir! why so many poisons! If God has made all things, they are then his work; he is master of all, he does all, he directed the hand of *Cromwell* when he signed the death warrant of *Charles I.* he guided the hand of the executioner who beheaded him — No, I cannot acknowledge a God who is a murderer!

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

Neither can I. Attend, I beseech you and you will agree with me that God governs the world by general laws. According to these laws *Cromwell*, that monster of fanaticism and hypocrisy, resolved to put *Charles I.* to death for his own interest, which all men necessarily love, and which they do not all equally understand. According to the laws of motion established by God himself, the executioner beheaded the King. But God certainly did not murder *Charles I.* by a particular act of his will. God was neither *Cromwell*, nor *Jeffries*, nor *Ravaillac*, nor *Baltazar Gerard*, nor *Jacques Clement*. God neither commits, nor commands, nor permits crimes, but he has created man and he has established the laws of motion. These eternal laws of motion are executed equally by the hand of the charitable person who relieves the poor, as by that of the villain who cuts his brother's throat. As God did not extinguish his Sun, nor swallow up *Spain* in the Sea, to punish *Cortez*, *Almagro* and *Pizarro*, who had drenched the half of

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our globe with human blood, so neither does he send a legion of angels to *London*, nor drop down from heaven 100,000 tuns of burgundy to please his dear Englishmen, when they have performed a good action. His general providence would be ridiculous if it stooped every moment to each individual; and this truth is so obvious, that never did God instantaneously punish a crime by a distinguished mark of his omnipotence; he maketh his Sun to shine upon the just and unjust.

If some wicked men have died immediately after the commission of a crime, they owed their death to those general laws which govern the world. I have read in a large book of a certain Frenchman called *Mezeray*, that God caused our great *Henry V.* to die of a *Fistula*, because he had dared to seat himself on the throne of his most christian Majesty;—no, he died because the general laws proceeding from almighty power, had so arranged matter, that a *Fistula* was to terminate the life of that Hero. All the physic of a bad action is the effect of general laws

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impressed on matter by the hand of God. All the moral part is produced by the abuse of human liberty.

In short, without plunging into the mists of metaphysics, let us remember that the existence of God is demonstrated ; there is no farther room for dispute on that subject. Should you remove God from the helm of the universe, would the murder of *Charles I.* become more lawful ? Would his executioner be more dear to you ? God exists, that is sufficient. If he exists, he is just. *Be ye just likewise.*

BURTON.

There is both subtilty and force in your argument on the concurrence of God, although it does not entirely disculpate him from being the author both of moral and physical evil. I see that your manner of excusing God has made some impression on the company. But could he not have contrived matters so, that his general laws should not carry along with them so many particular evils ? You have demonstrated to me the existence of a Being powerful and eternal ; and,
God

God forgive me, I was once afraid you would have made me *believe* in a God. But I have great objections still to make—Come, courage *James*; let us not be cast down.

C H A P. X.

On Atheism.

THE finest night imaginable now succeeded to the day ; the atmosphere resembled a transparent azure vault, bespangled with stars of gold ; this magnificent appearance always touches the heart, and throws us into an agreeable reverie. The good *Paruba* admired the heavens as a German admires *St. Peter's* at *Rome*, or the Opera at *Naples*, when he sees them for the first time. " What a glorious vault that is," said *Paruba* to *Friend*. " My dear *Paruba*," replied *Friend*, " what you behold is no vault, " the surrounding blue which you see is no " thing but an extension of light clouds, " which God has so disposed, combined and " adjusted to the mechanical operations of " your eyes, that, in whatsoever place you " are, you are always the center of what " you see, and you behold over your head " that apparent concave of heaven, which " is not heaven."

" And

“ And what are these stars, Mr. *Friend* ? ”
 “ They are, as I have already told you, so
 “ many suns, around which roll other
 “ worlds. Instead of being fixed in that
 “ azure concave, remember that they are
 “ at various and prodigious distances.
 “ That star you see there is distant from our
 “ sun 12.000,000 of miles.” He then shew-
 ed him a Telescope : he pointed out to him
 our planets, *Jupiter* with his four moons,
Saturn with his five moons, and his incompre-
 hensible luminous ring. “ He is the same light,”
 said he, “ which comes from all those globes,
 “ and which strikes our eyes ; from that
 “ planet it comes to us in a quarter of an
 “ hour, and from that other star in
 “ Six months.” *Paruba* threw himself
 upon his knees, saying, “ the heavens
 “ proclaim a God.” The ship’s com-
 pany crouded round the venerable *Friend*,
 lost in admiration at what they saw and heard.
 The hardened *Burton* advanced without deign-
 ing particularly to notice any object, and
 spoke as follows.

BURTON.

Well, be it so ; there is a God, I grant it ;
 but what signifies his existance either to you
 or

or me? What proportion is there between the infinite Being, and us worms of the earth? What connexion can there be between his essence and ours? *Epicurus*, when he acknowledged that there were Gods in the planets, was very much in the right at the same time to inform us that they did not trouble themselves with our follies or our crimes; that they had no need of us, nor we of them; that we could neither please them, nor offend them. You acknowledge a God more worthy of the human mind than the Gods of *Epicurus*, or those of the eastern and western world. But if you pretend to say, as many others have done, that God created us and the world, for his glory; that he formerly exacted the sacrifice of oxen for his glory; that he appeared, for his glory, in the form of a two legged animal, like us, &c. you would say, as I think, an absurdity, which would excite the laughter of every thinking man. The love of glory is nothing, but pride, and pride is only vanity: a proud man is a puppy, whom Shakespeare has held up to ridicule on the theatre. This epithet can no more be given to God, than those of cruel, inconstant, unjust. If God has deigned to create,

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ate, or rather to arrange the universe, he could have no other view but to make the inhabitants happy. I leave you to consider whether he has succeeded in his design, the only one, however, suitable to the divine nature.

FRIEND.

Yes, without doubt, he has succeeded with every person of worth; if they are not happy at present, they will be happy one day or other.

BURTON.

Happy!—what a dream! what a ridiculous fable! where, when, how?—who has told you so?

FRIEND.

The justice of God.

BURTON.

Do not follow the example of so many declaimers, and tell me that we shall live for ever after we are no more; that we possess an immortal soul, or rather that it possesses us, after having confessed that the Jews themselves, those Jews in whose place you boast of being substituted, never so much suspected

ted the immortality of the soul till the time of *Herod*. The idea of the immortality of the soul was first invented by the *Brachmans*, adopted by the *Persians*, the *Chaldeans*, and the *Greeks*, and for a long time unknown to the miserable little jewish horde, the teeming mother of the most infamous superstition. Alas, Sir, can *we tell* whether we have a soul or not? Do *we know* whether animals, whose blood constitutes their life, as it does ours, who have, as well as we, Wills, Appetites, Passions, Ideas, Memory and Industry; do we know, I say, whether these Beings as incomprehensible as ourselves, have souls as is pretended to be the case with us?

I have hitherto constantly believed that there is an active force in nature from which we derive the gift of life throughout the whole body, the power of walking with our feet, of grasping with our hands, of seeing with our eyes, of hearing with our ears, of feeling by our nerves, and of thinking with our head, and that all this constituted what we call the soul; a word without a meaning, which signifies at bottom, nothing more
I than

than the unknown principle of our faculties. With you I shall call that intelligent and powerful principle that animates the whole of nature, GOD; but has he condescended to make himself known to us?

FRIEND.

Yes, by his works.

BURTON.

Has he dictated his laws to us—has he spoken to us?

FRIEND.

Yes, by the voice of conscience. Tell me, had you murdered your father and mother, would not conscience distract you with a remorse as dreadful as involuntary? Is not this truth felt and confessed by the whole world? At present let us descend to smaller crimes. Is there one which at the first view does not terrify you, does not make you turn pale when you first commit it, and leave in your mind the stings of repentance?

BURTON.

I must confess it.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

God has then expressly commanded you, by speaking to your heart, never to defile yourself by a manifest crime. And as to every equivocal action, which some condemn, and others justify, what can we do better than follow the great law of the first Zoroaster, so much taken notice of by a French author in our days, "When you do not know whether an intended action of your's be good or bad, abstain from it."

BURTON.

This is a most admirable maxim; the finest without doubt that ever has been pronounced; that is to say, the most useful in point of morality: and this almost leads me to think that God has from time to time raised up wise men to bring back strayed mortals into the road of virtue. I ask your pardon for having laughed at virtue.

FRIEND.

Ask pardon of the eternal Being in whose power it is to recompence it eternally, and to punish transgressors.

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BURTON.

BURTON.

What! will God punish me eternally for having abandoned myself to those passions which he has given me?

FRIEND.

He has given you passions, with which you may do either good or evil. I do not say that he *will* punish you for ever; nor in what manner he will punish you, for no one can know any thing of the matter;—I only tell you that he *can* do it. The Brachmans were the first who thought of an eternal prison for those celestial Beings that in his own palace revolted against God: according to them he shut them up in a kind of hell which they call *Ondera*; after some thousands of ages, he alleviated their pains, placed them upon the earth, and changed them into men; hence springs our mixture of virtue and vice, of pleasure and pain. This fancy is ingenious; the fable of *Pandora* and *Prometheus* is still more so. Rude and uncultivated nations have coarsely imitated the beautiful fable of *Pandora*; these inventions are the dreams of the eastern philosophy.

All

All I can say is, that, if you have been guilty of crimes through an abuse of your liberty, it is impossible for you to prove that God is incapable of punishing you for those crimes : I defy you to do it.

BURTON.

Stop a moment—you imagine I cannot prove that it is impossible for the supreme Being to punish me—In faith, you are right; I have done all I could to convince myself of this, and I have never succeeded. I confess the abuse of my liberty, and that God may chastise me ; but, Egad I cannot be punished when I am no more.

FRIEND.

The best thing you can do, while you do exist, is to be a good man.

BURTON.

To be a good man while I exist?——
Yes, I confess it—you are in the right ; it is the only rational course.

Had

Had you but seen, my dear friend, the effects which the preceding conversation made upon all the *English* and *Americans*;—*Burton*, who was before so inconsiderate and presumptuous, assumed all at once an air of recollection and modesty; *James* with tears in his eyes, threw himself at his father's feet, and the good man pressed him to his bosom.

I now present you with the last scene of a dispute, at once intricate and interesting.

C H A P. XI.

On Atheism.

BURTON.

I Clearly conceive the eternity of that great Being, who is the master of nature : but we, who hardly exist since yesterday, can we have the foolish impudence to look forward to a future *eternity*? Every thing around us perishes irretrievably ; from the insect devoured by the swallow, to the elephant that falls a prey to the worms.

FRIEND.

No, nothing perishes; every thing changes ; the imperceptible germs of animals and vegetables still subsist, unfold themselves, and perpetuate their species. Why would you not chuse that God should preserve that *principle* which makes you *act* and *think*, of whatever nature it may be? God forbid I should be a system-monger ; but certainly there is within us a something which *thinks* and *wills* ; that *something* which was formerly

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ly called a *monad*, that *something* is imperceptible. God has given it to us, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, God has given us to it. Are you very certain that he is not able to *preserve it*? Think, examine, can you *demonstrate* this matter to me?

BURTON.

No; I have fought for it in my understanding; in all the writings of the *Atheists*, and especially in the third book of *Lucretius*; and after all, I must confess, I have never found any thing more than probabilities.

FRIEND.

And upon these probabilities shall we abandon ourselves to all our fatal passions? Shall we live like brutes? having no rule of action but our appetites, and no restraint but the dread of our fellow-creatures? And shall we, by this mutual dread, be the eternal enemies of one another? Think well of this, Mr. *Barton*, and you my son, *James*, reflect seriously upon it. To expect of God neither punishment nor reward is to be really an *Atheist*. What signifies the idea of a God who has no power over you, it is
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the same as if we acknowledged that a king of *China* was very powerful; in that case, I should say, much good may it do him, let him remain where he is, as I shall where I am; I care as little for him, as he can care for me; he has no more jurisdiction over my person than a canon of *Windsor* has over a member of the House of Commons. I am then a God to myself; I sacrifice the whole world to my humour upon every occasion; I am lawless, I consider *myself alone*. If the rest of the world are sheep, I become a wolf; I am a Fox, if I find them chickens.

Let me suppose (which God forbid) that all the people of *England* were *Atheists* from principle. I confess there might be several citizens amongst them, who born with quiet and mild dispositions, rich enough to have no occasion for injustice, governed by the principles of honour, and consequently attentive to their conduct, might live together in society; they would cultivate the fine arts, the great softners of manners; they might live in peace and in the innocent gaiety of
men

men of worth ;—but the poor and violent Atheist, *sure of impunity*, would be a fool if he did not assassinate them to get possession of their wealth. From that instant all the ties of society would be broken; secret crimes, like a torrent, would burst upon the earth as grasshoppers; though at first hardly perceived, they at last would ravage a whole country. The lower sort of people would no longer be any thing more than a band of robbers, like our thieves, the tenth part of whom are never convicted at our sessions: they pass their miserable lives in ale-houses with abandoned women; they beat them, they beat one another, they fall down intoxicated in the midst of their violence and uproar; they profess robbery and murder when they awake from their drunken dreams; and they recommence every day this abominable round of brutality!

What bounds would there be set to the vengeance of great men and kings, what curb to that ambition, to which they are willing to sacrifice every thing? A king who is an Atheist is more dangerous than a fanatical *Ravaillac*.

Atheists

Atheists swarmed in *Italy* in the fifteenth century: what was the consequence? It was then as common to administer poison, as to give a supper; and to plunge the stiletto into the heart of a friend, as to embrace him. There were then professors of vice as there are at present professors of music, or teachers of mathematics. The churches were chosen as fit places for assassination, and princes were murdered before the altar. Pope *Sixtus IV.* and an archbishop of *Florence*, caused the two most accomplished princes in *Europe* to be assassinated in this way. My dear *Sherlock*, pray explain to *Paruba* and his children the meaning of *Pope* and *Archbishop*, and above all inform them that such monsters do no longer exist. But, let us go on—

A Duke of *Milan* was likewise murdered in a church. The astonishing crimes of *Alexander VI.* are but too well known. If such manners had *still* subsisted, *Italy* would be at this day more desert than *Peru* was soon after the invasion of the *Spaniards*.

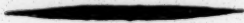
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The belief of a God, the rewarder of good actions, the punisher of bad, and the forgiver of sins, is then a belief the most useful to mankind ; it is the only check to power which insolently commits public crimes ; it is the only curb upon those whose cunning renders *their* crimes secret. I do not desire you, my friends, to mix with this necessary belief superstitions which dishonor it, and which may even render it destructive. The Atheist is a monster who will devour merely to appease hunger ; the superstitious person is another monster who will tear mankind to pieces from—*duty*. I have always remarked that an Atheist *may* be cured, but that the radical cure of a superstitious man *never* happens. The Atheist is a man of sense, who is mistaken, but who thinks for himself ; the superstitious person is a brutal fool, who never had a single idea of his own. The Atheist will violate *Iphigenia*, ready to give her hand to *Achilles* ; but the fanatic will piously cut her throat upon the altar and believe that *Jupiter* is much obliged to him. The Atheist will commit sacrilege, that he may have where withal to treat a courtesan ;

courtezan ; but the fanatic will celebrate an *auto-da-fé* in the church, and roar out a jew-
ish song, while he is burning a Jew. Yes,
my friends, Atheism and fanaticism are the
two poles of an universe of confusion and
horror ; the little Zone of virtue lies between
these two poles ; walk steadily in that path ;
believe in a good God, and be yourselves
good. This is all that the great legislator,
Locke and *Penn* require of their people.

Answer me, Mr. *Burton*, you and your
friends ? What harm can it do you to adore
a God, and to enjoy the supreme felicity of
being a man of worth ? While I speak to
you we may all of us be attacked by a mor-
tal distemper ; which of us then would not
have wished to have lived a life of inno-
cence ? Observe how our wicked *Rich-
ard III.* dies in *Shakespeare* ; behold how the
ghosts of those whom he had murdered
distract his imagination. Observe how
Charles IX. of *France* expires after his *St.
Bartholomew*. In vain does his chaplain ac-
quaint him that he had acted right ; his
crime preys upon his soul, his blood oozes
from

from every pore ; and all the blood he had shed cries for vengeance against him. Be assured that all these monsters have lived a life of horror and remorse, and have died in the agonies of despair.



C H A P. XII.

Return to England. JAMES'S Marriage.

BURTON and his friends could hold out no longer; they threw themselves at the feet of *Friend*. "Yes," said *Burton*, "I believe in GOD, and in you."

We were already near the mansion of *Paruba*; we supped there; but *James* could eat nothing he wept in a corner by himself, and his father went to comfort him. "Alas!" said *James*, "I deserved not such a father; my remorse for allowing myself to be seduced by the abominable *Cleave-Heart* is inexpressible: I am the cause, although the innocent one of the death of *Primrose*; and when you talked of poisoning, a trembling seized me; I thought I saw *Cleave-Heart* presenting the fatal draught. O heavens! O God! how could I so far lose my senses as to follow that guilty wretch! But she deceived me, I was blinded! I was undeceived only a short time before she was taken prisoner by the savages, when she in some
"measure

“ measure confessed her crime in a fit of rage;
 “ from that moment I held her in detestati-
 “ on; and for my punishment the image
 “ of *Primrose* appears constantly before my
 “ eyes : I see her, I hear her; she cries
 “ to me” “ *James, I died because I loved thee !*”

Mr. *Friend* smiled with an air of compla-
 cency, the meaning of which his son could not
 comprehend. “ A life without reproach,”
 said his father, “ is the only reparation you
 “ can make for past faults.” He brought
 him back to table like a drowning person
 who had been saved from the waves. I em-
 braced him, soothed and encouraged him ;
 we were all affected.

Next morning we prepared for our re-
 turn to England, having first made presents
 to all the family of *Paruba* ; our adieus were
 mixed with tears of sincerity : *Burton* and
 his companions, who had hitherto been on-
 ly inconsiderate young men, now appeared
 reasonable beings

When we had put to sea, *Friend* said to
James before me, “ Well, my son, is the
 “ remem-

“ remembrance of the beautiful, the virtuous, and tender *Primrose* still dear to you?” *James* became frantic at these words; his heart was pierced by an useless and eternal repentance; I dreaded lest he should have thrown himself into the sea. “ Comfort yourself, continued his father. *Primrose* still *lives* and still *loves* you.”

Friend, in effect, had received certain accounts of it by a faithful domestic, who wrote him punctually. Dr. *Mead*, who has since acquired such reputation by his knowledge of poisons, had been lucky enough to recover *Primrose* from the jaws of death. *Friend* shewed that letter which he had read over so many times with such tender emotion, to his son.

James passed in a moment from the depth of despair, to the height of felicity: I will not paint to you the effects of this sudden transition; the more they struck me, the less am I able to express them: it was the happiest moment of *James*’s life. *Burton* and his companions were sincere partakers in his unmixed joy. What shall I say more? The excellent *Friend* proved a father to them all.

The nuptials of the handsome *James* and the beautiful *Primrose* were celebrated at the house of Dr. *Mead*.—We likewise settled *Burton* in marriage, to his satisfaction, who was become quite changed. *James* and he are at present two of the worthiest men in *England*. You will agree with me that a wise man may reform fools

F I N I S



